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Jack's Ten Years

FEW tears will be shed for the Fifties. Cynical, materialistic, selfish, the decade made the rich richer, the poor poorer. To the advanced countries of the West, it brought unprecedented prosperity, achieved largely at the expense of the vast and growing proletariats of Asia and Africa. Technologically, it allowed us to reach out to the Moon and to acquire weapons for the destruction not merely of present generations, but of those to come; spiritually, it saw the extinction of all the high hopes raised in the immediate post-war years. Democracy faltered in France; it collapsed entirely in many of the new nations of the East. Korea, Suez, Hungary, Algeria showed that force was still the final arbiter in human affairs. A fragile peace was maintained between the great powers, but only on a basis of terror. Despite A. J. P. Taylor's sanguine appreciation which appears on another page, it was a decade without a hero and without a message.

Nowhere was this contrast between material wealth and moral bankruptcy more striking than in Britain. The decade ended with a pyrotechnic display of upper-class immorality in the divorce courts, while in the very same week a Bristol magistrate described a home for poor families as 'worse than a prison'. Rotting, 19th-century hospitals, Dickensian workhouses, antiquated mental homes, overcrowded classrooms: all these remained with us. But their existence was concealed in the public mind by a flood of cars, TV sets, spin-driers and hire-purchase gimmicks. 'I'm all right Jack' became a way of life, a national anthem.

It was a Tory decade. Conservatism is claimed by its apologists to preserve and strengthen all that is best in our heritage, to maintain traditional values and to exalt loyalty and public service. It was for this that the Tories were given power and it is by this they must be judged. How does their record stand? In no decade has the British countryside been more ruthlessly savaged by the speculator. Our cities have been scarred by the aimless proliferation of giant office-blocks. Everywhere, the restless motor-car, self-defeating in its numbers, smothers pleasure and beauty. The Tories have introduced to Britain much of what is worst in America; but they have not been able to provide us with the space which, in America, makes mechanical civilisation bearable.

And what of loyalty and patriotism? It is a deep-rooted Tory axiom that you don't shoot the Colonel in the back, especially when he is leading a charge; yet this is very much how Mr Macmillan served Sir Anthony Eden—and survived to enjoy his heritage. As for patriotism, we have the imperishable words of a Bank of England director—another theme-song of the decade—'It is anti-British and derogatory to Sterling, but on balance . . it makes sense'.

Other traditional values have fared no better. The Tories imprisoned homosexuals and prostitutes—and pacifists. But they allowed the strip-tease joint and the drinking club to multiply, acres of cheap pornography to festoon our book-stalls, sex and horror films to crowd our cinemas. They praised hard-work and initiative. But the prizes went to the rootless *rentiers*, dancing in the post-election orgies of the Stock Exchange. They held their gambling shindigs in Mayfair; for the rest, they provided Macmillan's Prize Bonds and fostered the football pool. They made Britain into a windfall state, a national casino with loaded dice; and when violence and dishonesty increased, they clamoured for the birch.

Will the Sixties see the pattern repeated? Certainly, if the West were an island to itself the gentle, complacent drift would continue. But—as this journal has repeatedly warned—the rate of Soviet economic growth presents us with a challenge which our present, gimcrack prosperity cannot meet. It will soon be within Russia's power to undermine the world price-structures on which our age of egotism rests, to present the post-dated cheques which, by force and slavery, she has earned over the years. We should welcome this testing-time; for, by forcing us to refashion the structure of our economic life, it may enable us not only to maintain our material standards, but to rediscover other, less tangible ones, which our present civilisation seems to have lost.

Comments on the Week's News

The West's Dilemma

It is now crystal clear that the western Big Four achieved virtually nothing in Paris. Even the date they first set for the Summit proved – as they should have foreseen – unacceptable to Mr Krushchev; and no progress was made on formulating allied proposals. Even the communiqué they signed has led to bitter Anglo-German wrangles. The British say it means that the Summit will take up 'where Geneva left off'. In fact, the text merely reaffirms (on Berlin) 'the principles set forth in the four-power communiqué of 14 December 1958'. Hence the West Germans regard it as a joint promise that the original Geneva 'package', which linked a Berlin settlement with reunification, will form the basis of the West's Summit proposals. The package, it will be remembered, was tentatively opened during the closing phase of the Geneva meeting; but the Germans now insist that its proceedings were 'null and void', and they do not want either of the Germanies to attend the Paris Summit, even sitting at separate tables. The issue is: should there be a temporary settlement in Berlin or not? Dr Adenauer – with the West Berliners – regards such a proposal as a betrayal; and they are backed, to some extent, by de Gaulle. As long ago as last March, Mr Macmillan decided that Mr Krushchev would settle for nothing less; and in August, at Camp David, Krushchev seems to have convinced Mr Eisenhower that a new Berlin treaty was worth discussing. The Berlin question, therefore, has tended to consolidate that Anglo-US axis in Nato. But it has not brought an agreed allied policy any nearer. The Anglo-US dilemma can be simply stated: unless the West goes to the Summit with a plan all its members accept, it cannot negotiate seriously. But equally, any plan which gets the *imprimatur* of Adenauer and de Gaulle is unlikely to provide even the basis for an agreement with Krushchev.

Confusion at the Sub-Summit

The economic purpose of the western alliance is as simple to state as it seems difficult to achieve. It is essential to avoid an interruption of the recovery, which has been gathering speed but which still leaves the West far weaker relative to Russia than it was in 1955, the beginning of the era of dear money. The loss of gold by the US must be seen in this context. The President seems to have had little success on this issue in his lightning European talks: a conference, or new committee, for economic co-operation is now envisaged, which is to deal not merely with the redistribution of the burden of defence but also with the problem of securing a greater European contribution towards aid to the underdeveloped countries. But the new instrument, dutifully extolled by the press as a completely new departure in international economic planning, has been given one day to report to the OEEC ministers assembling in Paris, not merely on this problem, but also on the problem – which has proved intractable in the last three years – of the relation of the Common Market and the European Free Trade Association both towards each other and towards America. There is no indication that the Germans or the French are willing to contribute to a common instrument for the administration of aid. Britain, in her turn, seems unwilling to commit herself in view of the worsening of her trade balance due to the sluggishness of her exports. Moreover it now seems certain that the Americans will not tolerate an agreement between the six European powers of the Common Market and the seven of the Free Trade Area which would give special favours to either group in the other's territory. The New Year sees western economic co-operation at a lower ebb than for some time.

Shawcross and Co.

The three appointments with which Mr Macmillan has filled the Monckton Commission must be judged from two separate points of view. As far as ability and experience are concerned, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke and Lord Shawcross would both add distinction to any public body; Sir Charles, in particular, contributes great experience as a successful and liberal-minded colonial official. It is more difficult to discern Mr Aidan Crawley's qualifications for deciding the future of Central Africa. His experiences as a county cricketer, an undistinguished junior minister and a television journalist seem to be on a rather different level from those of Sir Charles and Lord Shawcross. It is, indeed, Mr Crawley's position which leads to the other aspect of these appointments. Ever since the Labour Party, believing that the government had already sold out to Sir Roy Welensky on the future of Central Africa, refused to lend its name and reputation to the Monckton Commission, Mr Macmillan has been desperately seeking to dress the Commission up as an all-party body embracing responsible Labour opinion and not tied exclusively to the Establishment brief. He has, however, been unable to find a single Labour man to accept appointment. The publicity value of Mr Crawley is that, like Lord Shawcross, he is a one-time Labour MP – though both men have long since resigned from the party and are now entirely removed from its policies and its counsels. They may reasonably be criticised in that they lent their names to the Prime Minister's little trick, but it would be unfair to blame them for accepting the offer merely because the Labour Party, with which neither has the slightest connection, has decided to withhold its support. At the same time, it should be made plain to everybody in the Federation, and especially to those Africans who are doubtful whether or not to co-operate in the Commission's work, that the appointment of these three trusted members of the Establishment does nothing whatever to broaden the political base of the Commission, from which both the Labour and Liberal Parties are totally dissociated.

The Challenge to Overtime

In issuing this week its statement pressing for a shorter working week in British industry the general council of the TUC was carrying out the instructions of last September's congress, at which feeling ran high on the subject, and with some reason. It is absurd that the average working week in prosperous Britain should be longer than a decade ago, that there should be nothing like so widespread a reduction in working hours as in many other western European nations and in the US. This absurdity springs from the nature of the wage-structure which makes it possible for the worker to satisfy his family's inevitable desire to join in the consumer's spree of the Fifties only by working overtime. Workers find themselves owning motor cars, washing machines and television sets – have everything, in fact, except the time and energy in which to enjoy the life these things make possible. The TUC is properly confident that 'unions and management can co-operate to create conditions in which the required volume of exports can be secured more efficiently with shorter hours and without loss of earnings'. This is what automation should mean. The present system, on the other hand, in which increased demand can be satisfied by having employees work longer hours, is attractive to many employers, especially those who are unconfident about the future; some workers, too, will always regard a shorter working week as a kind of concealed wage increase. The employers, however, would be wise to take the TUC demand seriously because, contained within it, is one of the important issues of the next decades: the use of leisure. It is scarcely unreasonable to expect that the new generation of workers will come to regard the material emblems of prosperity as commonplace, as means rather than ends in themselves, and will refuse to tolerate the scramble into which the employers have allowed the wage-system to degenerate.

NEXT WEEK

Return to Soviet Russia

ALEXANDER WERTH *has returned to Russia after an absence of eleven years. In a series of important articles he will report on current Soviet life. Next week:* A Soviet Family.

Contempt of Court

Last July Mr Butler told the House of Commons that the government intended to provide a right of appeal from Queen's Bench Divisional Courts to the House of Lords 'in any criminal cause or matter', including convictions for contempt of court. This would fill a long-obvious gap in the law, but it would merely initiate a slow accumulation of case-law – establishing, at enormous expense to litigants, what is 'contempt' and what, for example, is permissible comment on matters of public interest before the courts. As the law stands, cases are heard 'in chambers' by judges who threaten to imprison anyone reporting the proceedings. A recent instance was that in which Mr Justice Paull was asked by the Duke of Argyll's former wife to commit the Duchess to prison, on grounds which have remained a secret as the result of the application. It is difficult to imagine a case in which the interests of justice would be damaged by a mere statement as to the nature of the proceedings, and their result; but there are most unfortunate implications in their suppression. People are too often sent to prison, moreover, to expiate by servitude and 'apology' the breach of an undertaking which has perhaps imposed too great a strain upon a person already under severe emotional stress. The welcome news that Lord Shawcross proposed to introduce a bill to liberalise the 'contempt' laws was overtaken by the subsequent announcement of his appointment to the Monckton Commission; but it is to be hoped that, if Lord Shawcross is too busy to see it through, the bill will be taken over by another peer with a comparable knowledge of the legal, procedural, and libertarian issues involved. At a later stage the government might well adopt the bill as its own.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Nobody Called Him Joe

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: During the war, at a time when Russian-American relations were particularly cordial, an American magazine got itself into considerable disrepute in Moscow by entitling an extremely friendly article about Stalin 'A Guy Called Joe'. Apologies were called for: whatever he might be known as abroad, Generalissimus Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin was not called Joe in the Soviet Union.

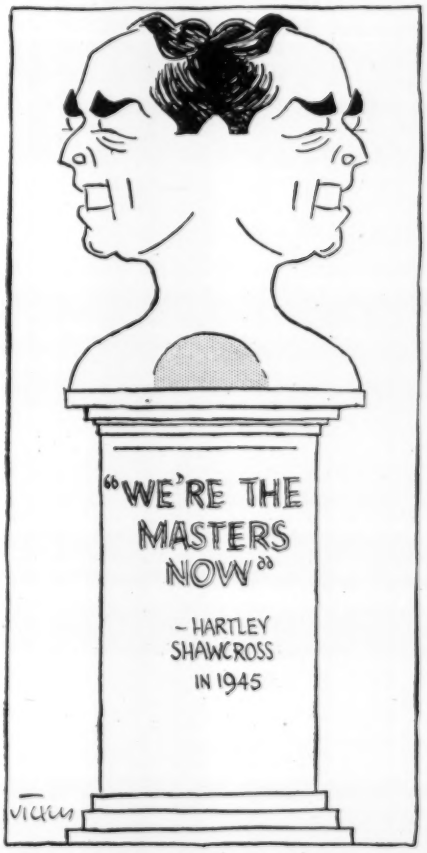
This incident was brought to mind by the extraordinary letter sent to Mr Krushchev on the eve of his departure for the United States by an anonymous correspondent in Leningrad, one of the letters published in the book *Face to Face with America,* a voluminous report of the Krushchev trip, as detailed as anything that has appeared in the American press. Anonymous letters are looked at askance these days, but in this case the writer disarmed criticism by writing: 'I think that even a man like Stalin would have understood that an expression of love of this kind could not be disinterested if signed'. The letter was reprinted in *Izvestia.*

'To be frank,' it runs, 'when you took over the helm I, like many other Leningraders, especially intellectuals, did not feel particularly enthusiastic about it, to say the least. But your capacity for work and your indomitable energy rapidly won our hearts, and now I doubt whether there's a man who is spoken of in Leningrad with more warmth and respect. . . . I am not wrong when I say that after Lenin you are the first man to enjoy the real respect of the Soviet people.' And the letter went on to assure Krushchev that no disrespect was intended by those who referred to him as Nikita, Nikitouchka, Father Maize, and other terms of affection. 'No one ever thought of calling Stalin Joseph, but everyone called Lenin Ilyitch.'

A few hours after this letter had been published, *Pravda* marked the occasion of Stalin's birthday with an article which, while paying tribute to Stalin as an eminent theoretician and outstanding statesman and revolutionary, a Communist leader who had rallied the nation to expel the invader, devoted three of its five columns to a detailed analysis of his grave errors and their dire consequences. In general, the *Pravda* article repeated what had already been written in the new party history and Volume 40 of the *Bolshoi Encyclopaedia*; but one or two of its salient points are new. For instance it seeks to justify 'certain restrictions of democracy', both within and outside the party, as being consequences of the firm discipline and strong centralised leadership that was necessary during the period of building and defending Socialism, which may be said to have ended with victory over Hitler. Stalin's mistake, *Pravda* asserts, was to consider this retreat from democracy a permanent norm of state and party life; and when this was coupled with his erroneous thesis that the class struggle would grow sharper *after* the achievement of Socialism, massive repression was practically justified. Stalin, in other words, is not blamed for what was done in 1936-1937 when the 'builders of Socialism' were on the defensive. His 'errors' in the sphere of 'Socialist legality' began when there was no longer any need to use the iron hand.

These passages are particularly interesting read in the light of later references to the policies of the 'anti-party group', which is described as having opposed the plans of the 'Leninist core' in the Central Committee to tackle the consequences of the cult of personality immediately after the death of Stalin. One recalls the perplexity caused by the sharp public chiding Molotov got for suggesting that the process of the construction of a Socialist society had not been completed. Now it seems reasonable to believe that Molotov was making use of this argument in the inner councils of the party to oppose plans for restoring the rule of law. That at least can be inferred from the *Pravda* article. It is a healthy sign that the public, in the first place party members, are being told that personality cults and the rule of law are incompatible and that there would have been no 'criminal Beria band' had there been no cult of Stalin. And with this *Pravda* again solemnly promised that the party would see to it that there would be no more cults.

Meanwhile the problem remains as to what forms and styles of leadership – in other words, management – this country is to use. The state of public morale seems to require that the head of the government be respected though not adulated. There is, too, an increasing number of people who wish to know how the minds of their leaders work and expect to have their instructions motivated. It is certainly not enough for them that Mr Krushchev has both earned people's respect and opened his mind to them. The public expect to see as great a change in the attitude and methods of their immediate superiors in factories and offices as that which has patently taken place in the Kremlin.



Fleet Street

The Bus-load of Shame

'Could there be a more vivid illustration of the value of newspapers to society – or the folly of interfering with their work.' So the *Daily Express* on Tuesday. And for once, in this matter at least, the *Express* had something. For it was referring to a story that provided the popular newspapers with the largest of black headlines on Christmas Eve and continued to do so when they appeared on sale again after the holiday.

The case of the girl whose headless and mutilated body was found in a YWCA hostel in Birmingham, when the police were called in to investigate an attack on another girl in the same hostel, must surely be one of the most remarkable and significant for many years. Significant not so much for the crime itself, for horror and murder are no strangers to newsprint, especially on Sundays, as for the silence of those who might have helped the police: the passengers on a bus from Birmingham on which a man in bloodstained clothes travelled. The most urgent police appeals for passengers on the bus to come forward were broadcast and televised throughout the Christmas holiday. But out of 60 only one had responded by Monday morning. By Monday night another nine had been to the police: 'This help for the police in dealing with a horrible murder,' the *Express* commented in a leader, 'follows almost at once on the return of newspapers after the Christmas holiday'. It was a just comment. All the popular dailies gave the appeal prominence, doing their best with their own brands of vigour and invective to stimulate a response. 'Shame On A Number 8 Bus: The People *Must* Talk,' shouted the *Sketch* across two pages on Monday. 'The Herald Rebukes The Silent 59: A Bus-Load of Shame,' proclaimed the *Herald* over most of its front page. '*Fantastic.* The Strange Silence of 57 People,' roared the *Mirror* in an edition announcing that two other passengers had at last come forward. It is 'INCREDIBLE', it said, 'That NOBODY on that packed bus went straight off to the police to tell them of the bloodstained passenger. INCREDIBLE that only three passengers of the 60 have since answered the urgent police appeals. . . . INCREDIBLE that although many passengers must have told relatives and friends about their grim fellow traveller NOT ONE of these acquaintances has reported to the police'.

Incredible indeed. And hardly less credible that, although the newspaper appeals did succeed in raising the number of passengers ready to talk to ten, 50 passengers still, after all the publicity and urging, remained silent. An odd commentary, one cannot help but feel, on our society, and one that the *Daily Express* made with force and point in a leader-page article on Tuesday, 'This Is More Than A Bloodstained Man On a Bus . . . The passengers on the Birmingham Corporation bus who have not yet come forward,' it declared, 'are not alone with their problem. It goes far beyond that crowded No. 8 bus on that dark pre-Christmas evening in the Midlands. It leers at all of us. . . . Today the never-had-it-so-good citizenry, stuffed with comfort like turkeys, tend to replace public responsibility with: What's in it for me? . . . This is the apex age of the man with the grey flannel mind, the anonymous organisation man, the man who does not wish to know.'

Surprising sentiments perhaps to find in a newspaper whose columns are so often devoted to telling its readers how to look to their own interests. But not less welcome, or pertinent, for that.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

South African Boycott

THERE cannot be one NEW STATESMAN reader who does not feel disgust at the South African government's policy, but not everyone knows how much he himself can do to protest against it, still less how much has already been done. A few weeks ago a young South African, Patrick van Rensburg, now in England, started to organise a boycott of all South African goods, and enlisted the support of many well-known people, including Bertrand Russell, Archbishop Roberts, the Bishop of Southwark, Father Huddleston and a number of members of parliament. Most of the latter are naturally Labour, though the manifesto has also been signed by two Liberal MPs, but so far, alas, by no Conservatives.

The boycott movement aims at protesting specifically against the treason trial and the banishment of African leaders, the extension of the 'pass' system to African women and the low wages paid to Africans. It is backed by Christian Action, who are making themselves responsible for its organisation. Meantime, the London Co-operative Society and a number of other co-operatives have asked their members to refrain from buying South African goods, while the Labour Party and the TUC have both come out in support of the boycott.

The campaign is not designed to bring South Africa to its knees by economic pressure – though it is quite possible that it may help to raise the appallingly low standard of African wages, since employers are naturally sensitive to the boycott and can act without consulting their government. It is a moral protest by individual men and women, and is due to take place during March. It is hoped, however, that many people will refuse to buy South African goods both before and after March. If the boycott is to succeed, people must be able to identify South African produce easily, and alternatives should be readily available. Fortunately both these conditions are met in the case of almost £10m. worth of South African goods – canned fruits and vegetables, canned pilchards, fruit juices, jams and wines. Similarly identifiable and replaceable are the products of two tobacco firms, Carreras and Rothmans, which, while operating in Britain, are controlled by a South African company, Rembrandt Tobacco Corporation (S.A.). (It is necessary to add that this company has disclaimed specific support either for apartheid or for any political party.)

One of the most effective forms of boycott is that already carried out by certain actors, musicians and sportsmen who have refused to go to South Africa unless they can appear before African, or better still mixed, audiences, and play against African as well as European teams. Among sportsmen, the English table tennis team have recently refused an invitation from the Union Table Tennis Association unless they can play against a black team and before a mixed audience. It is to be hoped that British cricketers and Rugby footballers will follow this example. The news that a British test team had refused to go to South Africa because of their racial policy in sport, would do more than any one single action to show the South African government what Britain and the ordinary Englishman thinks of it.

So far, however, it is the stage that has shown up best. The most striking example is Johnny Dankworth, who refused a £10,000 offer to take his orchestra to South Africa. The Royal Ballet have decided to go, but will give one performance to Africans in Johannesburg and one to a mixed audience in Pietermaritzburg, so that their tour will at least do something to break down some barriers.

What effect will the boycott have upon British exports to South Africa? If the Union Government were to discriminate against us by way of retaliation, the effect might be considerable, but it is unlikely to do so for one simple reason. This is a campaign of private individuals, and not an official one. If the Union government proclaimed an official boycott of British goods, even Macmillan's government would have to retaliate, and this would be a very serious matter for the Union.

There are some people who want to help the Africans in the Union, but are genuinely disturbed that a boycott may actually harm them by reducing still further their already appallingly low standard of life. They fear also that it might antagonise those white people in South Africa – and there are still many – who detest the policy of Dr Verwoerd and his party as much as we do here. The answer to this doubt is twofold: in the first place Africans are already using the boycott for themselves; but their power is limited by the fact that they cannot cut out many of their purchases without actually starving. Secondly, and conclusively, both Africans and liberal Europeans are themselves anxious that we should carry out a boycott in this country. If we succeed it will give them fresh heart to face their task.

JOHN DUGDALE

'O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!'
—JULIUS CAESAR, *Act III, Sc. 1*

Look Back at the Fifties

(i) Backwards to Utopia

CENTURIES, like human beings, take half their lifetime to reach maturity. They acquire confidence and character in their fifties. Until then they squint apprehensively over their shoulder at the legacy of the past. The Great Exhibition of 1851 first announced the triumph of the Steam Age. The Hungry Forties were forgotten. Men travelled by train; wore top-hats and trousers; suffered from high-minded doubts.

In the 1950s, too, we have become contemporary, facing the problems of today instead of trying to re-create those of yesterday. No one except me cons over the origins of the Second World War, as everyone assiduously wrestled with the origins of the First; and I do it only as a matter of historical curiosity – not in the belief that any useful lesson can be drawn. Strategists think in terms of nuclear war when they think at all; they do not plan to resume campaigns interrupted in 1945. It is the same in the world of fashion. After the first war, fashion was in conscious revolt against the past; and the results were ugly. Fashion in the 1950s shook off the past. It was concerned to produce elegant clothes suited to modern conditions. Men have become sane; though, of course, there is still enough of the past lying around to produce insane results. It is insane, for instance, that the admirable outcome of modern production – two cars in every home – should bring city traffic to a standstill. We shall not escape to sanity until we have pulled down every building and re-made every road that existed before 1945.

The old order in international affairs has been wound up. For 300 years western Christendom dominated the world; a domination reinforced during the past hundred years by its monopoly of industrial power. This domination has now come to an end. Suez was the great symbol. The Suez expedition was pure 'throw-back' – harmless, elderly gentlemen, flexing their unused muscles in gestures of a vanished imperialism. The opposition to the Suez expedition was 'throw-back' too, recapturing the exhilaration of the pro-Boers. I found it possible to do this without any cracking of muscles; in fact, I have not enjoyed any public event so much since the General Strike.

All the same, it was not opposition which stopped the Suez aggression. It stopped of its own folly and incompetence. And the most absurd part of it was the allegation that the Egyptians would not be able to run their Canal. In fact, it has never handled so much traffic as since the Egyptians took over. Ten years ago nearly everyone was shocked at the idea that we had become a small power. Now the idea is so familiar that most people have ceased to believe that we are a power at all. This, incidentally, is the strongest popular argument against unilateral nuclear disarmament: 'if we threw away our bombs, who'd notice?'

The other great powers of the past have also gone down the drain. De Gaulle stumps around proclaiming the greatness of France. He means only that he is France and that he is a great man. In this he is right: he is the only surviving example of what is otherwise an extinct species. The French are not interested: they are concerned with great vintages, not with great powers. The Germans never cease announcing that they are no longer a great power and have no ambition to become one again. Of course, in the usual German fashion, they hope that what they are saying will turn out to be false. For once, maybe they are speaking the truth against their will. Oddly enough, in this political world, the more you give up, the more you have. The Germans are running over with prosperity because they have no domination over others; we are more prosperous than we used to be because we have parted with most of our empire; and if the French still lag behind, it is because they cling to some crumbs of theirs.

Ten years ago, it was common talk that Soviet Russia and the United States were now the two world powers, eclipsing all others, with the Americans well up in the first place. We were in for a generation of 'cold war' – the champions of two rival civilisations endlessly squaring up against each other in ring-shows all over the world. We got plenty of cold war. The conflict over Berlin was just finished. Soon there was war, medium-hot, in Korea; then one in Indo-China; later renewed tension over Berlin. Are we now back where we started? I don't think so. In Chesterton's words, 'the ice is breaking up on every side'. The sophisticated explanation for this is that the rulers of the world powers are now themselves afraid of nuclear war. So they should be if they had any sense. But there is something deeper. President Eisenhower let the cat out of the bag when he missed his place in the script while doing a television-turn here. He had to fill up with an honest gag: 'The people want peace. They mean to get it; and if the politicians don't give it to them, the politicians will be pushed aside'. Here is the writing on the wall for statesmen of powers, great and small – also, incidentally, for commentators on world affairs.

The American lead in the world has ended already. The first Sputnik was one of the three decisive events in the decade (Suez and the death of Stalin being the others). This announced the end of America's technical superiority. Henceforward she was just like any other power, except for her accumulated treasures – and they are now running down so far as the gold-reserves are concerned. Americans no longer wish to dominate the world, if they ever did so. They are backing out of the world as hard as they can: President Eisenhower at this moment is preparing a second line from Fez to Delhi in order to be quit of Europe, and this second line will not hold for long. It was a basic doctrine of the Cold War that Russia was planning to take America's vacant place. Any square inch of the world's surface not made safe for democracy by the umbrella of atomic dollars would automatically go Communist.

No such advance was made during the 1950s. The Soviet action in Hungary was their counterpart for Suez, almost as shameful and even more foolish. The Russians are not likely to repeat it. Stalin was the last tyrant of the old school; and though Krushchev has to carry bits of Stalin's legacy on his back, he clearly groans at the burden. Of course, there are those who cannot bear the thought that 'history' – meaning the long record of crime and folly – is coming to an end. Failing anything better, they pin their hopes, or fears, to Communist China as the next claimant to world power. They are likely to be disappointed. World conquerors are out of fashion. Sensible countries are coming into their own. After the First World War, everyone believed in the League of Nations; and it did not work. After the second war, no one believed in the United Nations; and it is working very well. We are entering Utopia backwards, constantly surprised that the future turns out so much better than we expected.

Belief is over. That was the keynote of the Fifties. Belief in national greatness and world conquest – all finished. Belief in dogmas about individual behaviour finished also. The young in the Twenties were in conscious revolt against tradition; their own beliefs and behaviour merely turned this tradition upside down. They even went to bed together conscientiously on principle. The young of the Fifties left such principles to their elders. They conducted their lives on the basis of common sense; went to bed together only when they wanted to – which turned out to be seldom; and became the sanest and healthiest generation in the history of the world. *Lucky Jim* was the symbol of a new age. He was not a rebel, as often alleged, not even an angry young man. He was the modern Everyman – more fortunate than the original and more attractive, too; no longer trailing his soul among imaginary evils, but lucky to be alive when mankind was coming to its senses.

It was Lucky Jim who marched from Aldermaston, some thousands of him. I used to worry about his gaiety. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, I thought, ought to be conducted in a serious, respectable way. Now I have learnt better. Why should one be serious when faced with madmen? What can one do but laugh and play skiffle when an archbishop solemnly elaborates theological justification for the H-bomb and next proposes that adultery should be made a crime? It is a nuisance to have lunatics around, playing with fire; but it is comic too.

The sane have had a few victories during the past decade. The greatest blow struck for British freedom in my time was the coming of independent or commercial television. I daresay its programmes are not all wonderful (some are); but the principle has been established that viewers should be given what they want and not what Mr Hugh Carleton Greene or even Tom Driberg thinks is good for them. The sound-monopoly of the BBC now seems to be on the way out. This is a strong reason for looking forward to the Sixties. I cannot restrain my impatience to see the day when Broadcasting House is put up for sale.

The newspapers have been moving along the same democratic line despite an old-world adherence to principle by the Beaverbrook Press. All the rest aim increasingly at giving the consumer what he asked for. Even the *Guardian* followed this policy, somewhat belatedly, when it recognised that it had comparatively few consumers in Manchester. The recent arrival of Mr Roy Thomson into British journalism, with a strictly commercial outlook, makes it even more probable that the press will soon reflect public opinion correctly for the first time. Every successful newspaper (and weekly journal) is the proof that freedom pays, or, to put it another way, that freedom is what you pay for.

Politicians have been a good deal worried by this problem, and still are. Throughout the Fifties, political leaders, particularly in the Labour Party, kept holding themselves up to public gaze in the

hope that some permanent image would be impressed on their mirror-like countenances. The hope has hitherto proved vain. One of the curiosities of the decade was the insistence of politicians and moralists that this, the least selfish of any generation, was interested only in material rewards. Of course, the Fifties expected motor-cars and refrigerators and television sets. But they were not interested in them. They took them for granted, part of existence as natural as eating or sleeping. In fact, the Fifties made it clear that mankind could conquer the material world as soon as it felt inclined to do so.

Or am I being too optimistic? To me it seems a wonderful decade, with all the old nonsense being shovelled underground. The best things in it, for me, were the opposition to Suez; Aldermaston; and independent television. But they are only types of a general pattern. Perhaps the marvellous summer of 1959 – best for 200 years – has twisted my judgment. Perhaps the lunatics will make a come-back in the Sixties. We have the world at our feet; and someone may be tempted to give it a kick. Such doubts suggest that I am growing old. Maybe the young will win. At any rate, if the next ten years do anything like as well as the last they will do very well indeed.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

(ii) The African Awakening

LOOKING back on these ten tremendous years, one is struck repeatedly by the speed of the African awakening. Yesterday African politics were the passion of a handful of 'intellectuals' who could seldom reach the millions pouring into new cities, or the peasants in the forest and the bush. All seemed immobile and silent on the broad river of African life. Today the good ship Independence bucks and braves a passage down the snags and rapids of political advance with a reckless self-assurance that far outdoes the exploits of any *African Queen*; and everyone in Africa seems to have clambered happily on board. The whole continent explodes with eager talk. And Europeans, caught up willy-nilly in this abrupt departure, are left to the amazing discovery that they, more often than not, are the passengers now; that the captain and the mate are no longer white men, but black men who have their shoulders turned and their eyes fixed on the stars ahead and who are listening, if they are listening at all, to each other. No wonder these passengers, who had thought so confidently that it was they who would decide the hour and speed of sailing, and the course and destination too, should clutch at their baggage and stare in questioning dismay.

There is plenty to stare at. Ten years ago there were only two independent states in sub-Saharan Africa – Black Africa – and they, Ethiopia and Liberia, were not exactly blowing clarion calls to freedom. Now there is Ghana and the Sudan and Guinea. Next year there will be the Federation of Nigeria, the French Cameroons, Italian Somaliland; and soon after, by all the signs, the Federation of Mali (Senegal and Soudan), with Tanganyika hard in their wake; while the Belgians are already committed to allowing the Congo to 'decide its own destiny' by 1964 if not earlier. Altogether, the majority of black Africans have left or are about to leave the colonial system.

Yet if history will remember this decade for its political emancipation of many millions of people in Africa, it will also remember it, I think, for another act of emancipation that may in the long run show itself still more important. I mean the emancipation of many other millions of people, up and down the world, from the stupefying myth that Africans are naturally and inherently a savage, subject, and servile folk. It seems to me – admittedly, perhaps, because it is certainly true for me – that Africans in all their rich diversity have come alive to the rest of the world, for the first time, as people who are really people. The process of accepting Africans on a footing of equality has at any rate begun, and surely that is a great act of progress.

Think of Conrad's Marlow steaming up the Congo 70 years ago: wasn't this pretty much how Europeans, Americans, Asians have always thought of Africa and Africans? 'The river opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had stepped leisurely across the water to bar the way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air. . . .' What stray traveller, held up overnight in some dim African station, hasn't heard those throbbing drums and read into their message a whole fantasy of saturnalia – at any rate until the whiskered European at the bar, the man who 'knows Africa', put down his glass and explained that drumming in the night is simply a part of the altogether dismal native scene, and 'pretty soon, man, you'll be so used to the shindy you won't even notice it'.

Now we are up against the fact – and it remains a difficult fact for nearly all of us, confess it or not – that there is a great deal more to it than this. The last decade really seems to have made a dent in the conviction that Africans are 'children' of arrested development, have no history worth the name, live without morals or religion or legal order of their own, and generally deserved the colonial fate that followed on their mass delivery as plantation slaves. The improvement, of course, works both ways. It may well be argued that the worst consequence of enslavement and colonial subjection was not the sweat and toil and physical degradation, but the undermining of African belief in the value of African humanity and culture. With emancipation, with somewhat less attenuated means of higher education, Africans begin to free themselves at last from this deadly suspicion that perhaps the Europeans, after all, have been right in their derision. They reach back to their own history, take new pride in their own customs, return to wearing dignified clothes that are not European, speak firmly if vaguely of their own 'personality'. Here indeed is one of the grand achievements of nationalism in Africa, and the proof, if one were wanted, that nationalism can still in certain circumstances prove itself a liberating force.

There is still a long way to go before Africans are freely accepted, and feel themselves to be freely accepted, as equal members of the common family of man. That is partly because of the exotic difference of African life. It is partly because of European intolerance. Having thumped our own chests for 500 years or so about the importance of our own nations, we are nevertheless able to find it strange that Africans may like to do a bit of thumping too. But it is mainly, I think, because of the circumstances of African emancipation. Now and then they lend themselves wonderfully to the myth of 'savage Africa' – simply because this emancipation is having to erupt through the social stagnation of a long colonial isolation. No sooner is there a 'tribal war' in some place or other than the clichés start pouring from our presses; and instead of political and social explanations we are given the hoary old stuff about spears and warpaint. This is about as well-informed an attitude to Africa as that revealed to England by a mission-trained African mineworker who arrived in London one Sunday morning, straight from his mining township, and asked me with puzzled indignation 'why everyone was not in church?'

Clearly there is much room for mutual explanation. I should imagine that nothing will be more important to the further development of African independence. Africans have much to learn. But why not, for a change, begin with ourselves? Why must there be such mental and moral flabbiness in the way that most of us in Europe – the better instructed partner, after all, in this affair of beginning to live together on terms of equality – react to the African awakening? Businessmen who could patter off the cuff the stupendous magnitude of copper-mining profits for the past ten years may still be heard declaiming on the 'poverty' of Northern Rhodesia whence those profits come. Yet where is the sense in telling Northern Rhodesian Africans that 'federation is economically good for them' – when federation rivets on their necks a still tougher obligation to export, year after year, a tribute in mining profits that is not much less than the whole territorial budget? They know – and surely we ought to know it too – that only an elected African majority will ever seriously reduce that drain of wealth.

One could think of a hundred such examples. There will be plenty of others. Nigeria will have its troubles; and these, no doubt, will once again be used as evidence of African incapacity. Yet what kind of enlightened European government is it that has allowed a princely autocracy to inherit power over the millions in Northern Nigeria – instead of shaving those princes of their dictatorial 'rights', promoting parties with a democratic basis, pouring in the means of understanding the modern world as well as the feudal world? If troubles follow, who is the more to blame – Africans or those who 'prepared' Africans for independence in this antiquated way? Or consider the bitter invective that is levelled at Nkrumah's government in Ghana. Having established our own central government by a whole series of bloody repressions in the past, we have the nerve to be shocked when Nkrumah's government de-stools separatist chiefs and brings in orders for preventive detention. Or remember the miserable rubbish that otherwise intelligent Frenchmen aimed at Sékou Touré's government in Guinea when Guinea refused to come to heel, but went its own way towards a genuine sovereignty that should be economic as well as political. It really does us little credit.

Western Europe has had a long day in Africa, but seems to have learned remarkably little: worse, to have cared remarkably little. This was bad for everyone in the past: it will be utterly disastrous in this new time of emancipation. Whether Europe likes it or not, the steamer Independence is out there shooting the rapids; and, whether for reasons of cash or power or privilege, Europe is still aboard. Isn't it about time that Europe finally stopped bothering about its baggage, its ticks of prejudice and superstition, and pitched all that overboard? Most of it will be much better cleared out of the way. Then the passengers might get down to the job of offering their practical help to the crew. It would certainly be useful. To both.

BASIL DAVIDSON

(iii) The Jittery Fifties

SINCE it is the fashion to give name-tags to decades as well as to hurricanes, the one that has just slipped past may reasonably go into history, at least so far as the United States is concerned, as the Jittery Fifties – a fretful ten years, marked by temporising in high places and a blend of apathy and apprehensiveness everywhere else.

Understandably, the decade most admired in the period was not the Gay Nineties, an age of tranquillity almost beyond imagining, nor the Crusading Thirties, alive with contention and causes and political warfare. The ideal decade for the American of the Fifties, the era he invoked in nostalgic plays and television shows, was that of the Feverish Twenties, likewise a disillusioned time – non-political, crass, and almost wholly devoted to personal concerns. But there was a difference between the two decades, and it so far outweighed the similarities as to give the Twenties a wistful glow.

The difference lay in the hope and bumptious self-confidence that characterised the era of Harding and Coolidge. Along with the cynicism, corruption, and rampant materialism of that far-off day went an expectation of endless growth, the cocksureness of a society on the upswing. The Twenties generated vitality; and a gaiety, frenetic though it was, ran through its uncorseted years. Compared with them, the Fifties were pale and muted. Corruption consisted in greedy improprieties and sordid little frauds – the Sherman Adams affair, for example, and the quiz-show scandals – in place of the brigandage of the Ohio Gang under Harding and the monumental thievery that went on in New York under the twinkling eye of Jimmy Walker, the best mayor the night clubs ever had. Where the American of the Twenties speculated insanely and spent his paper profits 'making whoopee', his middle-aged sons of the Fifties invested in Mutual Funds and raised their families in the distant suburbs, where materialism took the form of a spurious 'togetherness', practised in tweedy comfort.

Social historians are almost sure to find that dictating these differences in spirit was the far deeper difference between an era of confidence and one of anxiety. For the first time since reaching national maturity the United States confronted in the Fifties a palpable threat to its future, the possibility that it might at the very least be surpassed as a world power in a few short years and at worst be destroyed, along with its enemy, in a nuclear nightmare. The lesser fear was, to be sure, a legacy from the Forties, which saw the beginning of the Cold War, but suddenly it was to take on wholly new dimensions.

From the start the Cold War had been the most frustrating engagement since the early days of Indian fighting. It had the same quality of elusiveness, of lurking danger that could not be successfully fought off because it could rarely be confronted. Yet, until the Russians fired their first hydrogen bomb, in 1953, the combat was more exasperating than alarming. The national temper was badly frayed by the bootless war in Korea, but the balance of power still favoured us, in an ultimate way, and a smug view of Soviet capabilities led the country to think that it would continue to favour us. Hence the Russians' unexpected arrival as an H-bomb power came as the first of a series of rude shocks. Preserving the balance of power had produced jitters enough, but now we had to live with what Sir Winston Churchill called 'the balance of terror'.

Unable to do much about such apocalyptic matters, Americans took to retreating deeper and deeper into a personal life of creature comforts, and their offspring into a restless futility. The little that could be done, people appeared to believe, was to vote twice for Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was, above all, for peace, who had nevertheless won a war, and who in any event was not a man given to rocking the boat.

As President, Eisenhower not only refrained from rocking the boat, but dropped anchor on an oil slick and stayed there for seven years, while the Russians raced ahead firing rockets into outer space as they went. Each Soviet success – the first satellite, the first dispatch of animals into space, the firing of payloads more than a hundred times the weight of our early satellites, the first lunar probes, and the first rocket to hit the moon – each jogged this country farther from the old complacency, from the comforting assurance that American know-how was beyond serious challenge. Overnight a cry arose that our schools had failed us, that the easy life had made us soft.

If a turbulent decade is a fertile time for demagogues, a decade of fear is altogether made to order for them. Given the anxieties of the Fifties, it is remarkable that they did not come out of the wall in numbers, as the Coughlins, Smiths, Longs, and their countless understudies did in the Thirties. For the most part, the demagogy of the decade came wrapped up in the single person of Joseph R. McCarthy, whose free-wheeling cynicism and haphazard ways fortunately made it impossible for him to organise, or even want to organise, his devotees into anything like a coherent political force.

Even so, McCarthy's power, at its peak, was an appalling phenomenon. 'He held two Presidents captive,' Richard H. Rovere wrote, in the best book done to date on the subject, 'or as nearly captive as any Presidents of the United States have ever been held. . . .' For three years, at least, he kept his fellow-Senators in fear of his unbridled tongue. His effect on the country's foreign policy was baneful and far-reaching. Executive offices were honeycombed with agents whose loyalty to him transcended any allegiance to their superiors. And in Hollywood, in television headquarters on Madison Avenue, and in large segments of the press, his naked word was enough to kill programmes, destroy reputations, and cost men their livelihood. As suddenly as he had flared up, he went out, in 1954, like a doomed rocket; but the Cold War that made his career possible kept his spirit alive for the rest of the decade.

Just as the last year of the Twenties rang down the curtain on its wanton ways, the last of the Fifties showed signs that another phase of American history was coming to an end – and none too soon. With the thaw in American-Soviet relations, following the departure of Secretary Dulles, tensions relaxed visibly and with surprising speed. If Richard Nixon, of all people, could fraternise with Communists in the Kremlin itself, anyone could talk to anybody. Congressional committees suddenly found labour racketeering and the high price of drugs better subjects for probing than Communism in the Sunday schools, and an Ohio Senator blasted an American Legion group in tones once reserved for 'subversives' for having tried to scare him out of addressing an alleged Communist-front organisation. He was applauded in newspaper editorials instead of being struck dead by lightning.

Unless it is merely the revival of hope that comes with these arbitrary divisions of time, even the pall that has hung over the schools of the South seems to be lifting. According to the American Civil Liberties Union, not given to euphoria, the trend is now toward full acceptance of the Supreme Court's decision of 1954, one of the few great acts of the decade. In its annual report the ACLU notes that 'the business men of Little Rock – typifying the chief influence at work all through the South – have taken the lead in reopening its schools; "massive resistance" has crumbled in bell-wether Virginia; the Charleston (S.C.) *News and Courier* is editorially forsaking total segregation; [and] former Governor Arnall of Georgia has announced that unless the schools of his state are kept open – segregated or not – he will seek election on that platform in 1962. . . '.

I leave it to the historians to pigeonhole the Fifties, but personally I am glad they are gone. If the national nerve did not quite fail, it faltered, and by comparison with the currently admired Twenties, the decade came off dismally. Its literary output was to the era of Hemingway, O'Neill, Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, Millay, and Mencken what rock-and-roll was to jazz. Its public life was lack-lustre when it was not downright craven, and its private life was dominated by television westerns and the backyard barbecue. Even now the Sixties look better.

ROBERT BENDINER

New York

(iv) The Proofs of Culture

WHEN all is said and done, science is what goes on in laboratories and observatories. Of course, in the decade when the H-bomb was invented it was easy enough to raise a head of steam about the social implications of science. The priorities of defence (a word people still insisted on using) left the realities of peaceful nuclear energy far behind imagination; Calder Hall was more significant as a source of bombs than as a solution to Britain's long-term fuel problems; and, in fact, the second most important application of nuclear energy was in the propulsion of the missile-carrying submarine, which military commentators largely ignored because she turned all their Maginots. *Zeta* fizzled, and unlimited fusion energy from the heavy hydrogen of seawater seemed farther away in 1959 than it had a few years earlier.

Outside the laboratories, in the field, the great project to rid the world of malaria began with insufficient funds. In a decade of pilot projects, agriculture and nutrition made headway (especially with vegetable-protein mixtures as effective as milk), but the hungry got hungrier. There was an awakening to world technological problems: most of the things that needed saying were said, and the historiographers will find them. Even the scientists began to take their responsibilities seriously. Yet the British government appointed a Minister for Science and Technology to grope forward through the fog with no space-time map of present and future developments to guide him.

However, dissecting time into decades like a string of sausages encourages another view of science. One can see science as the work of heroes or of termites: to talk heroically of the Fifties prompts one to talk of their heroes. Anyway the termites have not done so well for us: there were better plastics and synthetic fibres, but, while the rocketeers burst into space, the advances that touched the man in the street were mostly of the kind of wide-screen movies and stereophonic

records. It is not escapist to look rather at the calm centre of the scientific storm, where gentle men make great discoveries whose chief immediate applications are as brain-stimulants.

One night in 1951, the great optical telescope at Mount Palomar in California looked at a point in the constellation of Cygnus where British radio astronomers said there was a very powerful source of radio waves. As soon as he developed the negatives, Walter Baade saw there was something unusual. Right in the middle of the photograph was a faint smudge, like a figure of eight. It dawned on Baade that here were two galaxies of stars in head-on collision. A galaxy contains about 100,000 million stars, so this was an accident of some size. It was the impact, at enormous speed, of the clouds of rarified gas associated with each galaxy that produced the radio noise of this, the first of all radio stars known to man, detected by Stanley Hey with converted radar equipment on Richmond Hill in 1946. Since then, radio astronomers have come to regard colliding galaxies as commonplace; they believe that nearly all the radio stars they can detect are pairs of colliding galaxies far out of range of the Palomar telescope, providing markers far out in space and aeons ago in time.

When Wernher von Braun relieved a little of the shock of the Sputniks by putting up the first American satellite in 1958, the little vehicle (*Explorer I*) carried Geiger counters to measure cosmic rays. It went high, and the counters were saturated with radiation. James Van Allen of Iowa, who had planned the cosmic ray experiment, had discovered unexpectedly the girdle of atomic radiation surrounding the earth which now bears his name.

Since then, sublunary probes have shown that there are in fact two belts, each forming a ring round the Equator at heights of 2,000 and 14,000 miles. They are bottled up in the earth's magnetic field in much the same way as magnetic fields bottle up the hot electrified gas of *Zeta*: exploding atom bombs high in the atmosphere can inject charged particles into the earth's bottle. The study of the belts, especially the outer belt, is important in understanding the cohabitation of earth and Sun. The earth is now believed to swim in the Sun's atmosphere, and the particles of the outer belt probably come from the Sun itself. The belts also represent a kind of barrier reef to would-be space travellers, who may be advised to use the openings over the poles.

Discoveries in sub-atomic physics became increasingly esoteric, but no less considerable for that. There was the 'fall of parity', with the demonstration by Chinese-born scientists in the US in 1957 that a radioactive nucleus throwing out an electron does not do it anyhow, but in a preferred direction. In Illinois, John Bardeen (already a Nobel Prize winner for his contribution to the discovery of the transistor effect leading to the little crystal valves now on the market) went on to crack the superconductivity problem that had perplexed physicists for half a century – why some metals lose, at very low temperatures, all resistance to the flow of electric currents so that the currents can persist for years without a driving force. With the aid of their big atom-smashing machines, other Americans manufactured fragments of anti-matter: anti-protons and anti-neutrons to list alongside the well-known anti-electron or positron. Men began to dream of other universes like ours but made of anti-atoms.

But history will surely record that the greatest scientific events in the decade of the H-bomb were in biology – in particular in the study of the molecular basis of genetics and life. The studies of DNA, the stuff that genes are made of, are fraught with social implications, pleasing and dire. For the time being let us simply remember how the physicists and chemists moved in to tackle biological problems, how Watson and Crick in Cambridge suggested a structure for DNA which could replicate itself and carry a message in code; how Wilkins and Franklin in London confirmed the model by X-ray studies; how Kornberg of St Louis made DNA outside the living cell where it belonged; and how the decade ended in an outpouring of discovery and controversy which promised well for the Sixties.

While all this was going on, the problem of analysing protein was solved by Sanger in Cambridge, and the first attempts were made at synthesising it; the tie-up between DNA on the one hand and cancer and viruses on the other began to look hopeful. Steering a course of his own, Alick Isaacs in London found what looked like the virus's antibiotic – interferon. Here were proofs of our culture among the horrors of those days.

NIGEL CALDER

Swiss Diary

TRY everything once, even Christmas in Switzerland. Even at St Moritz. Even as a spectator. All those hordes of hearty young boys and girls with hearty Public School voices, the skiing, the skating, the rumbustious rumbas, the loud male laughter and the funny hats. And one elderly gent who has never been on skis in his life, totally out of character and out of sympathy, observing it all with a mordant, Scroogey eye.

* * *

It turned out different, and a great deal more agreeable. It was too early in the season, and what I had hoped to see, tobogganning on the fabled Cresta Run, had not got going. (But the Run is almost worth a visit just to look at, and so is the ski jump.) But there was plenty of snow, and the high ski-runs above Suvretta and under Piz Nair are dazzling in their beauty alike of snowscape and athletic performance; and the young people – French, German, American, in multitudes, as well as British and Swiss – turned out to be charming in their purposeful way and good to look at. Their rendezvous is with the peaks, leaping, swerving, flying in a dedicated dance of young gods and goddesses. (Not all of them of course: there are lots of duds and duddesses.) Sunshine or snowstorm they keep at it. Down in the town during daylight they are not to be seen: the place is given over to the likes of me, of whom there turned out to be hundreds, rotund, sedate, unlovely and content.

* * *

St Moritz itself as a winter sports resort (it is also a summer spa of sorts) seems to have been more or less invented by the British; and when the real Cresta invasion starts and the British Curling Club gets into its seasonal swing, no doubt the Island accent will grow predominant. In the bar of the Kulm Hotel there is a plaque commemorating the founding of the Cresta in 1888. (Beneath it stands the toboggan on which the young American, Billy Fiske, broke all Cresta records in 1938. Two years later he was killed in the Battle of Britain – the first American citizen to die in battle in World War II.) Catering for this short, intensive season creates a special problem, which accounts in part for the high prices (but only in part: a skilled worker in Switzerland may easily earn five francs an hour, the equivalent of about 8s. 4d.). The big hotels – and how gigantic they are: the restaurant at the Kulm seats 500, the Suvretta Haus sleeps over 400, the Palace a few less – meet the difficulty of maintaining a steady, dependable staff (the Swiss hotelier is the best in the world) by running two establishments, one hotel in a winter resort and one in a summer, and transferring staff from one to the other as the seasons succeed. But hotel personnel is not the only item. There is a formidable job to handle, for instance, keeping roads, railways, paths and innumerable rinks clear of snow. A great deal of labour is imported, largely Italian. In the winter visitors come to stay; but in the summer there is no snow and ice to detain them in the mountains, and these resorts fight a summer battle with the motor-car which turns such places into nothing more than an overnight stop.

* * *

Someone should write a thesis on the economics of the ski-ing industry – for industry it has become on a grand and ever-expanding international scale, involving hundreds of millions of investment in a wide diversity of trades; clothing, of course, in rich varieties, building, engineering, iron and steel, food. A French syndicate recently opening up a brand-new winter sports resort began by building no fewer than 15 hotels, and erecting numerous funiculars, aerial-railways and ski-lifts. Work for thousands. In California whole tracts of forest have been cleared of trees in a single season to provide open ski-runs for a new enterprise. Of all skiers the most devoted, I am told, are the Japanese, where in the winter armies thousands strong invade slopes that can comfortably accommodate scarcely as many hundreds. All of them need to be clothed, shod, accommodated, fed, carried.

* * *

After dark the hotels provide qualified fun and games, dress shows (at a price) by esteemed Parisian *couturiers*, that venerable old friend of the Twenties (whom I had ignorantly supposed long since dead) the *Thé Dansant*, and an entertainer for the youngsters. He, incidentally, came up with – to me – three brand-new party games (of which I will supply particulars in a sealed envelope to the first three parents to apply). These were a thumping success with both players and audience. What in my naive way will never cease to astound me is the number of people prepared to make long expensive journeys and pay prodigious hotel bills for the privilege of sitting shut up all day long and far into the night playing bridge and canasta. But there they always are. They are rather like, in their way, the families who drive miles into the country of a Sunday morning in order to park bumper-to-bumper on the verge and sit inside the car reading the *News of the World*. Anything, I suppose, to get away from home.

* * *

What speeds do skiers reach? An expert tells me that a ski-jumper at the moment of take-off may be moving at 70 miles an hour. This must surely be the most spectacular of all sports. The jumper cleaves the air like a bird, body set straight from ankles to head, at an acute angle to his skis, like a jack-knife one-third open, his arms extended as wings. The distances leapt are prodigious, well over 100 metres. By contrast I invite the middle-ager to take up curling. Maybe it is a slightly ridiculous game to watch, with all that frenzied sweeping of the ice to encourage the 'stone' to slide a few feet further, but a preoccupying game to learn to play and, like all good games, full of niceties – good exercise too, just what the doctor orders for men of generous habit and advancing years. It is, to generalise inaccurately, approximately *boule* on ice instead of in

the dust-bowl under the *platanes,* one important difference being that it is not part of the game to knock the target (the 'dolly') out of position, as it can be in *boule.* A stone may weigh anything from 36 pounds upwards, and the process of learning to curl it discovers divers forgotten muscles.

* * *

If you are prepared to pay for fine cooking you can eat in Switzerland as well as anywhere in the world. The *rognons de veau Dijonnais* at the Suvretta Haus, preceded by *terrine de gibier au marc* (the *marc* was infusion of genius) has gone into my short list of memorable meals. And the wines? Swiss wines are drinkable, some very much so, but not cheap. The best known, probably deservedly, of the reds is the Dole, especially the Dole de Sion, but for my own taste the whites are the more attractive and offer a wider choice. Swiss white wines tend to be slightly *petillant,* which gives them, when dry and drunk reasonably well chilled, an agreeably invigorating quality. The Dezaleys, from the north-eastern end of the lake of Geneva, have a good reputation (some of the Dezaley vineyards are socialised, being the property of the municipality of Lausanne), but the Aigle, from lower down, in the Rhone valley, is better still and from the same region the Yvorne is the best of all the whites I have come across (I haven't sampled the sweet ones). The Swiss are a nation of predominantly red wine drinkers but white wine growers. Consequently they import red wines and export a big surplus of white. Where does it go? Much of it is used, hinted my informant with a hushed air of mystery, 'for blending'.

* * *

I have eaten indifferently in France often enough to be guiltless of snobbery about French cooking, but the contrast between the food of the service on the Pullman to Folkestone and in the dining-car on the other side of the Channel demands a mention. To begin with, if one is foolish enough to travel on the Pullman, one expects service in return for cash. One menu has to be shared among half a dozen tables, and when I had to ask a third time for something, I was rebuked with 'We are very busy'. On the French side, three successive services of an incomparably better-cooked meal were served with remarkable efficiency and civility to sittings of 70 or more a time, and at 10.30 p.m. the staff began to prepare an impromptu fourth sitting for stragglers. Sometimes it is said, 'Ah, but think how much more you pay for meals on French trains'. Very well, then. Our bill for two on the Pullman (not counting the supplement for the privilege of travelling and eating on it) with a bottle of wine came to £2 2s., without tips. Our French dinner, wine and service included, came to F2600—just over £2. *And* linen table-napkins, *and* fresh tablecloths for each sitting.

* * *

I am indebted to my old friend Ed Murrow, with whom the aforesaid Christmas frolics were shared, for the following story to round off happily the Old Year. Someone was complaining to Alban Barkley, sometime Senator and Vice-President during the Truman regime, about the illogicality of the foreign policy committee of the House being called the Foreign Affairs Committee and that of the Senate the Foreign Relations Committee. Said Barkley, 'In the House members are still permitted to have affairs, but by the time they become Senators they are supposed only to have relations. However, I am doing my best to remedy all that.'

GERALD BARRY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Though he succeeded to the title in 1939 Lord Grey de Ruthyn has only now decided to take his seat in the House of Lords.

President of the Canine Defence League and an official of the League Against Cruel Sports, Lord Grey intends to take his seat now principally in order to fight the proposed increase in dog licence fees.—*Guardian.* (J. W. Powell.)

The average monument now costs about £50, Mr Gould said. 'That's for an ordinary plain stone with lettering. Of course a monument with a sculptural figure normally costs more. However, angels are less popular than they used to be—most people don't believe in angels any more. And there are fewer curious and elaborate inscriptions than there used to be. I think that two wars have taken a lot of the humour and romance out of death.'—*Guardian.* (F. K. Broatch.)

And then at last they worshipped and said, 'My Lord and my God'. But they were the few; the rest ignored Him or saw in Him public enemy number one. And so—well you know the rest of the story. You can see it again in the film 'Ben Hur'.—*North London Press.* (R. J. Dudley.)

Said Mr Ron Clark, secretary of the association: 'People in Sheffield don't like the horse-box type of taxi. It draws the attention of the neighbours to them.

'We find that unless the fare has luggage most of them walk the last few yards home. There's less suspicion that they're drunk, or something.'—*Sheffield Telegraph.* (A. C. Sims.)

The Golden Year

THIS was the first year in 20 when the harvest was all in by the end of August. I have known years when part of it was still out early in October, or when we gave up the last few rotting stooks, slimy and sprouting, half eaten by mice and birds. The 1959 oats were a light crop but we didn't lose one sheaf.

In Sheneval the stalks had been twisted and broken, not by rain but by the fierce August gale; we could cut only one way. But my redd-land, that is the field which had a green crop last year and now is in oats undersown with grass, had been completely sheltered and the corn was in good order. The days blazed on; Lachlan took the binder off and cut for some of the neighbours. But, as always, we hurried over harvest as soon as it was ready. We needn't have done that in 1959, but we have got into the habit of not trusting our weather, whatever the forecasts say. Besides, agricultural workers are not the best paid, and the men wouldn't like not to get their bit of overtime.

Last summer I had little hard work myself, so easily it went and so many helpers. Before a drop of rain had fallen all the stacks were thatched, pale gold under blue-green rushes. The first to be threshed were just tied over with old pieces of net that the fishermen give us, but those that have to stand until the second threshing in the spring have a spider's web of stack-rope over the thatch, the spokes weighted with bricks.

Under the steady sun the potato shaws died off quickly, and we spun them out while the weather held, good Kerr's Pink and the best Golden Wonders I have ever had. I never expected them to do

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so well in the sandy cricket-field, but the ground was certainly helped by intensive grazing between electric fences during the grass ley, and they had a good dose of seaweed as well.

It was wonderful hoeing weather in the garden. We felt we'd got on top of the weeds at last. But the rhododendrons decided that next spring must have arrived early and far too many came into bloom. You don't expect to see a hillside of *ponticum* dotted with purple in October. One of the tender ones, a *bullatum-Johnsoneanum* hybrid from Crarae, which I planted six inches high two years ago and which has shot into a handsome bush, produced in mid-autumn a wax-like lily flower, gold blotched and scented. It lives in the old conservatory in a half wine-barrel, but it might do out of doors if I could get it out of the draught. Percy can sense draughts as if he grew tender leaves himself; and sometimes moving shrubs just a few feet takes them out of the killing current. But what can we do with all that glass? There are five greenhouses in various stages of decay, as well as the conservatory.

None of the greenhouses cost more than £100 to build, but repairing even one of them properly would take more than that now. Mice nest in the ruins of archaic heating systems, or did until Stumpy came. But one side of one of them can be heated, enough for the early seeds, from an electric heater, with polythene sheeting tacked over a framework for the insulation. We are going, though, to improve on that, with a coil of soil-heating wire: all thanks to Tom Johnston's Hydro-Electric Board, which dammed the Lussa and brought us reasonably cheap power.

There used to be peaches and nectarines in most of the houses, but peach trees have a life of only about 30 years, after which the branches begin to die back. Most of the old ones are gone; so is the old laird's out-of-door water closet. He usedn't to function without his 'pineapple' peaches and his special seat. But now, unroofed, the closet is a compost heap, and I have induced the water to trickle through the wall to a fountain on the other side. My son Murdoch and I built the fountain and basin, but the stones we used in the concrete were too big for a good key-on, so it leaks slowly. Also, we hadn't reckoned with such a quick set, so the child art with which we decorated the concrete had to be done by the light of a small torch in the middle of a jolly evening. It still, somehow, has that look.

Concrete is my least favourite material. Apart altogether from the fact that the pigs' bucket, once used for mixing it, is now twice as heavy as it should be, concrete wants you to think you can shove it around. But once give way to it, and you have 20 feet of something that is more immovable than any Establishment—Nissen-hut foundations still scarring the grass long after the huts have blown or rusted away, rocket platforms hideous in the flowery machair of Eoligarry long after rockets are obsolete, the eastern corn counties of England cut to bits with enormous runways. Local opinion there holds that they are all built half as long again as they need be owing to the incompetence of American pilots in landing. My own feeling is that a change of armies of occupation might be a good idea; if we had the Russians for a bit, I'm sure we should all become pro-American.

But, unlike concrete, the greenhouses don't last. And they produce their own problems: how to hide the key so that it will be visible to the (good) grown-ups but not to the (bad, but sharper-eyed) grandchildren, still less the lads of Carradale. They raid such apples as I have every year. Last year they left none, and I had to buy monstrously bad cookers from the Co-op at a shilling a pound, the kind one sees rotting under the trees in southern England; but that's another problem. I suppose we all have to have our bash at authority, and, of course, the Big House is the traditional super-authority in any village. Still, they might have left me a few. Most years the Stirling Castle bears so well that I can easily spare some for the raiders; but last year there wasn't an apple, though, again for the first year in 20, there was a fair crop of pears on the old espaliers, which I keep only for the sake of the blossom.

One can expect pears only in a hot and dry summer. But last year I might have had maize outside instead of growing it in one of the houses, a practice which always strikes my African visitors as deliciously crazy. 'You forgot to put it on the Suttons' list,' says Emily, 'so Percy and I just slipped into Woolworth's when we were in Glasgow for the rhododendron show, and got a packet of seed. But I wasn't going to tell you till I saw they'd do.' But would they have done it for anyone else? And, for that matter, did the summer have anything to do with it?

NAOMI MITCHISON

Resolution, 1960

I think I shall not take the *Sunday Bosom* any more;
I'm not against the bosom, but it can become a bore:
And Nature is so generous with joys of every kind,
It's possible to weary of the feminine behind.
It isn't only *that*. I watch with wonder every week
The *Bosom's* wild appearance, it's hysterical technique.
The paper looks, somehow, as if it hadn't had a wash,
The printing must be done with a coal-hammer or a cosh.
Erroneous assumptions seem to govern those in charge—
One is that every headline must be ludicrously large
(And, now and then, in case it doesn't magnetise your mind,
They reach the peak of madness with a HEADLINE *UNDERLINED*).
These, if they were intended for the old folk's eyes, could pass;
But most of what's below requires a magnifying glass.
Then, meaningless cross-headings which insultingly suggest
We cannot read a paragraph without a pause for rest:
And everywhere the editors belabour, beg, and bawl
In piteous apprehension that we *may not* READ *AT ALL!*
How seldom can you find in this maniacal affair
A simple piece of news in type that doesn't tear its hair!
You grope about and get, between a bosom and an ad,
A tragedy so silly that it isn't even sad,
For bits are in italics, and some other bits in BLACK,
While asterisks and ARROWS keep the reader ON THE TRACK.
Or else, if it is high among the scandals and the shocks,
It's penned by wriggly borders in a space they call a 'box'.
In fact, you'll find a glance at this neurotic sort of page
A strain upon the eyes that may do harm at any age.
You penetrate the make-up and unearth a scrap of news;
But it's in terms no Englishman could properly excuse.
With bogus Yankee verbiage the tiny tale is crammed,
It's 'currently' for 'now', and every goal is 'crashed' or 'slammed'.
If only less were spent upon sub-editors at play,
And more on men and women who had something good to say!
I often sit and speculate what kind of minds are these
That fancy you and I have got some cerebral disease,
Delight to start our Sundays with those bosoms by the sea,
Sensation with our sausages, and SEX beside our tea?
But then, alas, I meet them with a beer beside the bar,
And, I confess, I find them very much as others are.
What's more, they tell me hotly that they know their business best,
And many men, I must agree, admire the female chest.
So here remains a mystery that someone should explore.

* * *

Meanwhile, I *shall not* TAKE the *Sunday Bosom* ANY MORE!

A. P. HERBERT

The Arts and Entertainment

Customary Miracle

THE FIGURES tell the story. On New Year's Day, 1950, there were in Britain something like a quarter of a million television sets. (The number of licences at 31 March was 343,882.) On 26 July of that year Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, Chairman of the BBC, estimated that in ten years' time there would be 'three to four million' sets; and some thought this a wild exaggeration. In fact, there are now more than ten million sets.

Those were still pioneering days. On 27 August 1950 the BBC first succeeded in transmitting a programme, live, from Calais to Dover. The picture was wavy—'a bit like blancmange', says one who saw it—but this was the first example of international television anywhere, and the precursor of Eurovision. The history of the BBC is starred with similar firsts—the first air-to-ground TV from an aircraft in flight (1950), the first programme direct from Paris (1952), the first from a ship at sea (1953), the first colour test transmissions (1955) . . . but people are so used to switching on their daily miracle that such achievements are taken as matters of course.

In this decade, one year stands out specially as a year of growth: in 1953-4 the number of licences rose by more than 1.1 million. This must have been largely because of the most ambitious outside broadcast in the BBC's history—the Coronation. This success established television as an important institution, not only in Britain but internationally, for the Coronation was seen in four other countries. The momentum increased

irresistibly with the coming of commercial TV in 1955: the story of the inter-channel war since then is familiar. In retrospect, it is clear that the BBC did not take the challenge of ITV seriously enough soon enough: there were those who ridiculed the idea that a few upstarts without experience could provide an adequate service at all.

What sort of programmes did British viewers see ten years ago? Well, Mr George Campey, then *Evening Standard* critic and now Head of Publicity at the BBC, denounced them as 'dull, lifeless, and out of touch with public taste'; and I expect he was right. On New Year's Day, 1950 (a Sunday), there were two programmes – the circus from 5 to 7 p.m., *Hindle Wakes* at 8.30. That was all. On the Monday there were children's programmes from 3 to 5, news at 8, and pantomime at 8.15. On the Wednesday, after a Tchaikowsky piano concerto and a magazine, *Picture Page*, there was another news-bulletin – 'repeat of Monday's edition'! (Later that month a newspaper interview with Mr Norman Collins, then Controller of TV Programmes at the BBC, was headlined 'Films Soon of Day's Events on Same Evening'.) Such was the primitive and cautious pattern of TV in 1950. Contrast last Monday, say, when, apart from sport and news, there were some two dozen items in the rival programmes, at least nine of which – including *The Edge of the Sixties* (an NBC documentary plus Lord Boothby), *Probation Officer*, Sir Kenneth Clark on Van Gogh, and Act II of *The Turn of the Screw* – were worth watching.

Even in 1950, however, the BBC's distinctive ethos was perceptible in a few of its TV programmes: there were documentaries about the Peckham Health Centre, the British Museum, and (long before *Emergency – Ward 10*) the treatment of disease. But there were no religious programmes on TV. (Ethos, like diamonds, lasts for ever: the ethos and outlook of the two TV networks are perfectly expressed in the titles chosen for their respective Saturday afternoon omnibus sports programmes. The BBC's: *Grandstand*. ITV's: *Let's Go*.)

I am not now, of course, asking whether it is good for us or not to watch half-a-dozen programmes in an evening. Back in 1950, when broadcasting meant sound-radio and the Third Programme hadn't been curtailed, people were asking this sort of question – saying about TV, indeed, very much what they say now. A Leeds University psychologist was worried about its effect on children. There were feuds between TV and the film industry, between TV and sports promoters. An indiscreet cameraman at Wimbledon lingered too long over an unusual audience-reaction – a young couple making love – and the *Osservatore Romano* issued a warning against 'the insertion of suggestive scenes that have nothing to do with sport'. A Walsall headmaster feared that TV would interfere with homework; a Streetly housewife said that having it in the home was 'like a holiday'. George Bernard Shaw said that it would kill the living theatre. The Bilston Council decided to permit only indoor aerials on council houses, except where a television supplier certified that an outdoor aerial was necessary.

The *Manchester Guardian* recorded a disturbing phenomenon in one household: 'after some hours' viewing, we all turned pink'.

The truest words of the decade were written in the *Daily Mirror* on 23 March 1950, by Mr Robert Cannell: 'If you let a TV set through your front door, life can never be the same again'. The *Daily Mail* complained that TV had 'produced no star of its own'; but Lord Balfour of Inchrye foresaw, shrewdly enough, that 'political TV' would 'throw up fresh popular figures with an appeal to women and men voters'. The first party political broadcast on TV was on 15 October 1951: the speaker was Lord Samuel.

In international policy there has been little change in ten years at the BBC. Summit or no Summit, no one has yet told them that the Cold War is supposed to be off or nearly off; so the propaganda still seeps drearily in, in fictional form (as in a peculiarly silly Sunday afternoon serial, *The Young Lady from London*) or in some even more incongruous context (as during midnight Mass from Eisenstadt, when a Fr Patrick McEnroe, whose job, according to the *Radio Times*, was simply to describe the action of the Mass, saw fit to spout, throughout the singing of the *Adeste fideles*, a lot of offensive rubbish about this Austrian village as 'an outpost of the Free World'. . . . Why, only that morning, he said, he had actually *seen* the Iron Curtain!)

It would be unfair, however, to deny that the quantitative and technical advance of TV has been matched by some qualitative improvement – not, indeed, in all or even most of the programmes, but in the best of them. TV on both networks – in *Lifeline*, in Daniel Farson's series – now tackles adult themes that could not have been touched a decade ago, and deals with them, on the whole, constructively and responsibly. Perhaps we have got the television we deserve – the vulgar horrors *and* the finer moments. But I cannot think so poorly of *British fathers* as to accept the dogma proclaimed by one ITV advertiser last week: 'Every daddy *deserves* a Brylcreem home dispenser for Christmas'.

TOM DRIBERG

Private Enterprise?

PRIVATE enterprise is so called because it is said to induce enterprise, most of all when it is highly competitive. The number of private galleries in London dealing in contemporary art has more than doubled during the last ten years, and the intensity with which they now compete is shown by the recent appearance among them of the take-over bid, with the output of a number of well-established artists as the properties to be developed. Art-dealers have often shown the most courageous enterprise – and I am not only thinking of the Vollards and the Kahnweilers but of local figures like Mr F. Mayor and Mrs H. Lessore – so that in the present highly competitive situation here we might expect to find the dealers rampant with initiative. What do we find in fact?

In 1958 David Bomberg was given a memorial exhibition by the Arts Council. Before this he had had no one-man show since 1943, fourteen years before his death. The dealers weren't interested. The posthumous exhibition aroused more unanimous enthusiasm among the critics than any other post-war show of a modern British artist. One might have supposed that the dealers would have started competing for the right to handle the contents of Bomberg's studio. They haven't. True, their obtuseness has been shared by the Trustees of the Tate: it seems incredible, when one goes there and sees the Bomberg flower-piece making practically everything else on the walls of the modern British rooms look as if it isn't painting at all, that one can find no

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other canvas there by the same hand – but then the Tate is a curiously wayward institution. And the record of official circles towards Bomberg is still as a whole more creditable than that of the dealers, which is a sad admission when it's remembered that the Arts Council show was neither well chosen nor well presented. Nor is this the only case where official enterprise has done more than private enterprise in promoting work which was highly thought of by the critics, but unfashionable. Jack Smith's recent paintings, for example, have not so far been shown by a dealer but only by a public gallery (the Whitechapel), and not in a loan exhibition either: indeed, if the dealers were wide enough awake to know what was going on, they must have been rather rattled to hear that the sales ran to about £3,000. Smith has since acquired a dealer.

I've been writing, however, as if not only sales but critics' judgments meant something, and perhaps this was taking too much for granted. But these judgments do surely begin to mean something when they are shared by a body of young painters, as they are in Bomberg's case. No modern British painter has in recent years acquired so large and serious a following among young painters (some of them actual pupils, but others more numerous whose only direct contact has been with the work).

Two of these painters, Frank Auerbach and Leon Kossoff, have recently had one-man shows at the Beaux Arts Gallery (both reviewed at some length in these columns by John Berger). Several others are currently showing together in an exhibition at the AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. This is a pity. Of course the AIA is an admirable organisation, and this exhibition is hung with more imagination than dealers' exhibitions tend to be hung. But it is a pity because showing at the AIA ought to be a supplement to, not a substitute for, showing at dealers' galleries. And most of these painters have had no choice. John Berger tells me that he got some of their pictures together and invited five of the leading dealers to come and see them. The two who came weren't interested, the others weren't interested enough to come. It's evident that painters in the line of Bomberg are making no more appeal to the dealers than Bomberg himself did. Yet here is a movement in British painting which anyone can see is canalising a great deal of serious, searching, committed, energetic work and which, for what this is worth, has the support of several reputable critics. And I must emphasise that this is by no means the only kind of current British painting of merit which the dealers are neglecting. Such painting covers quite a variety of styles. The only thing they have in common is being unfashionable.

A few of the dealers, of course, are in a position to say that they backed the kind of art which is now fashionable when it wasn't and that they're committed to it. The others can only say that they have no sale for the unfashionable. But the business of art-dealers is not to follow taste but to create it. Those who don't are no more than drapers who sell hand-painted canvas. But even as drapers they ought to be efficient enough to be aware of new trends in production – after all, it's by forestalling popular taste, not following it, that they make big profits – and the London picture-dealers seem to have little feeling for the way things are going now. If organisations like the Whitechapel Art Gallery, the ICA, the AIA, and even the Arts Council, bogged down both by the clumsy machinery of rule by committee and by the slenderness of their resources, are showing a livelier response to what is new than the dealers are, it doesn't say much for the present state of private enterprise in the British art world.

I said before that it was a pity that some of our most interesting young painters had to show at the AIA because the dealers wouldn't show them. Perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps the present shortage of enterprise in private enterprise will encourage young painters to put their hopes in artists' co-operatives and other non-profitmaking organisations, so that these again become, what many of them once were but only two or three are now, the instruments of what is new. But this will mean that the public will have to get into the habit of visiting their galleries *and buying from them* much more than they do now. One can't hope for a lot from the British public, though – not if one is to believe the hair-raising stories dealers tell about the prejudices, snobberies and general obtuseness of their customers. With them in mind, one may criticise the dealers, but one wouldn't wish to change places with them.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Bachelor Art

BRITISH writers have a built-in negative feedback to the Continent. They can take just so much influence from abroad then the mechanism comes into play and they revert to accepted patterns. N. F. Simpson, for example, was once an experimental playwright after the school of Ionesco atte Bowe. Now, in *One Way Pendulum* (Royal Court), he has settled back into that good minor English tradition of the Donnish-Eccentric or Bachelor Art. And this, of course, is an æsthetic not a biographical affair; for all I know Mr Simpson may be the father of a family of eighteen, but that makes not a jot of difference to the argument. For Bachelor Art is simply a specialised form: it is concerned not with human insight but with words and dialectic considered as powerful forces with separate lives of their own, as counters in an elaborately fantastic but manically logical game. The great exponents of the form were Carroll and Lear; their less unchained precursors were Cleveland, Benlowes and, perhaps, Peacock. Mr Simpson himself is assuredly closer to Carroll and to the legions of crossword addicts than to any *avant-garde* playwrights.

Within these limits, he is quite exceptionally funny. In *One Way Pendulum* he plays the game of logical perversion to its limits. The Groomkirbys are a nice suburban family, with the usual suburban hobbies, bickering and boredom. They are perfectly commonsensical about everything, except that everything has been stood on its head. Upstairs, young Kirby (Roddy Maude-Roxby) is training a choir of Speak-Your-Weight machines to sing the Hallelujah chorus. Downstairs, Dad (George Benson), who collects books on the law and carpentry, is erecting a Build-It-Yourself Old Bailey, while Auntie (Patsy Byrne), whom the daughter refers to as 'That great, old-fashioned thing in the living-room', imagines she is on an endless journey, destination unknown. Mum (Alison Leggatt) comes and goes with a supreme, plangent resignation, coping with her family's tiresome fads: dusting the daughter's 'dirty old skull on the mantelpiece', or ringing the bell for Kirby who, like one of Pavlov's dogs, has conditioned himself never to eat without it. Her relief is to grumble to Mrs Gantry (Gwen Nelson), the woman who comes in to eat up after them. When the Old Bailey is built Kirby is arraigned for murdering 43 people to give himself an excuse for wearing black. This gives George Benson and Douglas Wilmer an excuse to give the performance of the evening as witness and Judge.

It says a great deal for Mr Simpson's invention that he manages to keep up the pressure of perverse wit for two long acts. Only once does the play drag, and that is during the interlude in the dark between Dad and the Judge, when the logical rules of the game are waived for a flight of rather pretentious symbolism. But the success of the evening says even more for William Gaskill's direction. The young directors at the Royal Court aren't usually remarkable for their self-effacement. But Mr Gaskill, who is certainly the most talented of them, has resisted all mannerisms, all hocus-pocus and all but one of the innumerable temptations to lapse into the symbolic. The result is a production which, instead of calling attention to itself, gets the best out of the play. And the best is the wittiest entertainment now in London.

I wish I could say the same for the Old Vic's seasonal jaunts and jollities. Granted, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is Shakespeare's poorest play; but given an ounce of imagination in the production, it is not as poor as all that. John Hale, however, directed the thing simply as a boisterous Christmas romp, a kind of Elizabethan suburban panto. This might have been all very well had the cast been worse than it is. But allowed their heads, Maggie Smith and Moyra Fraser can produce very subtle variations on comic themes; alas, they were restricted to the production's tone of unchanging, Mrs Dale bounciness, without a trace of dignity or feeling. Joss Ackland had the tonnage but not the spirit of Falstaff; he played the man as a curiously inflated, parodied Alastair Sim. Only Alec McCowen seemed to have been allowed to interpret his part. His Ford was an almost-a-Gentleman figure, a jumped up shopkeeper, excessively touchy about the symbols of his success: wife, wealth and position. But Mr McCowen was so much on his own that he often found it hard to distinguish between interpreting a part and over-acting it. There was some good character playing from Gerald James and Stephen Moore. Otherwise, as Falstaff says, 'This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm'.

A. ALVAREZ

Clown in Jeans

HE'S larky; natural, and – believe it or not – Cockney. I have just come away from a Tommy Steele film, my first, and my mood is exhilaration: this, with Christmas still about us, is for me unusual. I don't say that *Tommy the Toreador* (Warner's) is a masterpiece or its protagonist another Harpo (whose talkative grand-nephew he might be); but he is the only one among the pop singers who sings well, fools well, and communicates something of youth to the not-so-young.

Others freeze the buttons off my coat. *Tommy the Toreador* seems to me a far healthier and more likeable symptom of a revulsion in English films than, in a similar field, *Expresso Bongo* which has ten times the wit. Spontaneity is perhaps not the un-English thing we and tradition are always insisting it is.

So little had been happening in English films for so long until Free Cinema challenged the Rank order; and it seemed to have little effect. But then, this year past, we had our revulsion – revolution it could hardly be called – with a half-dozen films: Karel Reisz's *We Are the Lambeth Boys*, our most native expression since those war pieces of Jennings; *Room at the Top*, with a smack of real sex and social awareness; *Look Back in Anger* which, if it didn't start a movement at least brought freshness from the theatre; Dick Williams's *The Little Island*, a cartoon about the

human situation which in any other European country would have set up its maker for life; and *March to Aldermaston*, a skilled piece of Left reporting, flung into the vacuum of newsreels trailing Royalty and the vote-catching jocularity of *I'm All Right, Jack*. That makes five considerable films, an *annus mirabilis* for British films; and should I add *Tommy the Toreador*? I don't see why not.

This golden boy has a choppy-sea coiffure, horse teeth, pale blue eyes, a clowning way with the current adolescent quiver-notes, grating speech, a happy shamelessness that blows the breezes through otherwise old-style farce. It may not be very funny, nowadays, for English trippers in Spain to mouth horribly over 'octopus stewed in its own ink': after all, one can buy it tinned in London – and not only in Soho – and food jokes nearly all tell against us; but Tommy Steele, pressed with helping after helping, while he sits on to snare a caterpillar that will save him paying the bill, manages to make it tolerable. He introduces rock 'n' roll into a siesta, breaks the fall from a lady's balcony of Spain's foremost bullfighter, and thence gains a place in the bull-ring: but what should be a put-up job with an amiable beast turns into a clash with a black fury. Location in Spain has produced some local colour in the way of bull-worship and stampedes through the streets; and the director, Paddy Carstairs, manages to impart a trip enjoyable in itself and to us. I wouldn't put it higher, and I wouldn't prophesy a great future for Tommy Steele. He may get sleek. At the moment he's got plenty.

Otherwise, the season has two animal films far more compelling than the customary human antics. Disney's *White Wilderness* (Studio One) dares the Arctic; and its scoops include the lemmings and the wolverine. Lemmings we have always known for their self-immolation as the pelican for its piety; but here for the first time they dart and swarm, plump little intrusive rodents, who will recklessly scamper between a gull's legs and up its back, until the mania for the water seizes them. Madder and madder they get as they arrow, zigzag, pour and slither towards the cliff edge: a moment of hesitation, then the devotees plunge, the rest follow.

The wolverine, filmed (we are told) for the first time, is an exciting acquaintance; allied to the marten, but long-legged and bigger, he scouts on his hind legs, travels with the loping ease of a giraffe, and will tackle animals five times his size. Here he drives off three hungry wolves from their prey. Other revelations of this film include the tree-hole nesting duck, the white whale, the musk ox, the wolf sentinels awaiting the migrant caribous. These excitements are lowered by the usual music score and human-angle voice. What might have been a piercing view of Arctic summer becomes farflung Disneyland with baby polar bears playing at throwing snowballs. But the treasure is there.

In *Lords of the Forest* (Rialto) a more high-falutin' text tries to sing the importance of paganism and life-communion in the tribes of the Belgian Congo. What we see are native dances based on animal life, and the animals, birds, insects, and fish themselves. The locality, of dry plain and lush forest topped by volcanoes, and the fire-worship of the inhabitants provide a strong enough framework for the camera-spoils; but then the commentary must add its own mysticism, so that in the end we wonder whether the beliefs and ritual of these haven't been falsified. Perhaps in this we are doing the director, Henri Storck, an injustice. There can be no question of the film's preservative value and interest.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR,—Paul Johnson and others believe that the great birth control debate among religious, political and medical councils may determine an endowment to underprivileged nations with western methods of birth control. Perhaps before we share these conclusions we should have a look at the greater birth control debate in which we are ourselves involved.

In this country birth control became effective at a time when the general population must have been abysmally ignorant of sound methods of contraception. The high net reproduction rate of the 1870s, 1.5, had fallen to 0.8 by the beginning of the 1930s. One can state in approximate truth that Class I (Registrar General) were having an average family size of two children by 1910, and this habit had spread to all social classes by 1928. In 1956, the Birmingham Family Planning Association published a progress report which I believe reflects the experience of anyone who has to deal with this problem in working-class communities. The ignorance, superstition and emotional prejudices of most women are of such an order that patient and careful instructions are rewarded by some ten per cent. of the female population using orthodox methods of contraception.

The greater problem is neither contraception nor birth control, but the guerilla warfare existing between the espoused. This can be described in the following manner. It is biologically imperative that men have regular sexual activity; this can be accommodated by a wife if she is submissive and tolerates unending pregnancies. Before 1870 men owned women for sexual purposes in much the same way that they now own motor cars for means of transport. After 1870 women received compulsory education and the process of emancipation began. Although the struggle for the franchise was conspicuous the more important consequence was the change in personal relations between men and women. By the 1920s women were no longer content to accept their husband's sexuality in submission but were prepared to confront him with prospects of a further pregnancy, the consequent impoverishment of the family, the further burden of responsibility for a wife, and if argument did not suffice they were prepared for a beating when the effects of alcohol were added to those of sexual frustration.

By the 1950s sexual abstinence enforced by the wife who has been conditioned to feel abhorrence of all sexuality, probably forms the most important method of birth control. I would suggest it determines family size in one third of the working classes. This has nothing to do with Catholic dogma. Criminal abortion must be nearly as effective, and contraception is intermittent and ineffectual. This situation can be contrasted with other events in urban communities such as the one in which I live. Here, there are approximately five times as many married women in their fertile years as there are female adolescents, yet there are more pregnancies to unmarried girls than to the married women.

These young people are anxious and willing to learn about contraception and are candidates for a sexual adjustment which could be far happier than that of their mothers or grandmothers. Yet, one is denied an opportunity of teaching birth control by the same ignorance, superstition and prejudice that has proved ruinous in their parent's lives.

J. D. PAULETT

Leesons Hill
St Pauls Cray, Kent

SIR,—Would Father Eastwell care to elucidate what is for many people the main problem arising from Catholic teaching on contraception and the 'safe period'—namely, the apparent contradiction involved?

I understand that the condemnation of chemical and mechanical methods of family planning is based on the triple hierarchy of goods required for a virtuous human act. In the context of married love these three goods are (1) erotic pleasure (the *bonum delectabile*), (2) the procreation of young (*bonum utile*), and (3) the gratification of the deity (*bonum divinum*).

In a virtuous union all three goods must be intended. Contraception is therefore wrong because the second good is not only not intended but intentionally frustrated by the selection of means calculated to do so. The act is rendered bad, not by the means as such, but by their wilful selection. The means as such cannot be bad, for they are nothing but utilisations of 'natural' laws adapted to the 'nature' of human sexes. The act is therefore bad purely because the partners intend to frustrate the *bonum utile*, by whatever means the attempt is made and whether it succeeds or fails.

Upon this principle of the triple hierarchy of intentions the whole structure of Catholic moral theology would appear to depend. Consequently it was perfectly consistent for the Vatican to condemn all methods of contraceptive technique indiscriminately – which it did (or seemed to do) until the ruling on the 'safe period'.

Can Father Eastwell explain how the wilful selection of the 'safe period' differs, in terms of the hierarchy of intended goods, from any other selection of contraceptive means?

I emphasise 'wilful selection' because the problem seems to have nothing to do with the 'nature' of the sexual cycle. All anatomical and physiological sex characters are equally 'natural'. Every expression of a 'natural law' utilised in relation to them is 'natural', whether it be the 'natural law' of a spermacide, of a mechanical protective, or of the human sex-tide.

OLAF C. DREWITT

INDIA'S AGRICULTURAL FAILURE

SIR,—The statement attributed to me in Professor Dumont's article on Indian Agriculture in your issue of 19 December 1959, being divorced from the fuller context of our discussion, is likely to create the impression that I postulated an inherent antithesis between economic progress and democracy. This would be patently absurd and I certainly did not suggest

15 MINUTES TO ANNIHILATION

Thor Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles fitted with H-Bomb warheads, for which groups of bases have been built in Britain, have now been made operational.

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this. The argument was that the fullest realisation of the individual's creative potentialities, which was the declared objective of the Indian plan of development, was only possible when there was democratic participation of the people in the development process. While economic advance was an essential means and a necessary cause of human progress, it was not a sufficient cause of such progress and was not counted as an end in itself. For this reason the Indian authorities seemed to have committed themselves to adjusting the pace and methods of economic development to the inevitably slow growth of understanding and response of the people in the countryside. The contradiction pointed out to Professor Dumont was not between democracy and economic progress as such, but between democracy and acceleration of economic progress beyond what the people would be able and willing to follow, which could be thus enforced only by a large-scale regimentation.

Consequently, it was permissible to raise at least two doubts about the validity of Professor Dumont's line of recommendations: first, whether it was practical to expect the Indian administration to function as the instrument of a Draconian regime; secondly, whether, even if such a regime could be mounted, it would not subvert the basic values to which present policy was pledged and thus destroy the fundamental purpose of the development effort itself.

SUSHIL K. DEY

Food and Agriculture Organization
of the United Nations

AFRICAN UNIONISM

SIR,—The article on 'African Unionism' in your current issue is valuable for the light it throws on the disputes between the TUC and AFL-CIO at the Brussels Conference of the ICFTU. But your article, I think, let the American unions down lightly, because it didn't fully expose what they are up to, and why.

The give-away is that Mr George Meany's briefing at Brussels came not from officials of AFL-CIO but from officials of the State Department. It may well be that the money which the American unions have been dishing out unilaterally in Africa comes from the same source. In fact the American unions are acting as the spearhead of United States foreign policy in Africa, which the Americans are hoping to 'mop up' by the methods they used in South-east Asia. The State Department's policy for Africa is based on two motivations: (1) anti-Communism; and (2) anti-British imperialism, which is merely a cover for improving the position of American business in Africa against British competition.

Without defending the British record or British policies in Africa, one ought not to allow the Americans to get away with this sort of thing. I can well understand the embarrassment felt by the TUC representatives at Brussels when they discovered that AFL-CIO were using the ICFTU for national political purposes in the same way as they have always criticised the Russians for using the WFTU.

IAN MIKARDO

Palace Chambers
Bridge Street, SW1

THE END OF EMPIRE

SIR,—Far be it from me to complain of the generous comments of Crossman and Pakenham on my recent book *The End of Empire*. But on the cynical issue of why, if at all, we should help the people of the undeveloped world, I do not fully recognise the views which they attribute to me. Crossman objects strongly to the opinion that in the last analysis the sole irrefutable reason for giving such help is that it is right to do so. For, he writes, 'no democratic government can undertake policies which violate the interests of the people it represents'.

Pakenham, on the contrary, glories in a vision of the Labour Party asking the people of this country to submit to 'the immense sacrifices' which, he says, I 'indicate', and believes that such an appeal might be successful in terms of votes. What I wrote was:

It is necessary that the developed countries should deliberately intervene against their own interest, or at least against their apparent interest: that they should deliberately refrain from buying as cheap or selling as dear as they might; that they should give or lend at especially low rates. . . . The difficulty is not, indeed, that the sacrifices demanded of the rich nations would be large. A slight slowing-up of the rapid rate of progress which they are in a position to make would be enough. . . . What has to be faced is not, then, an economic but a moral difficulty. . . . The truth is that there is only one conclusive reason why we should help the peoples of the undeveloped world: and that is because it is right for us to do so. . . . It is not until the argument is taken to this level that we can see that our duty and our interest are one.

The bread thrown upon the waters does return: but the days of its return are indeed many. Perhaps it might be better propaganda to pretend either that it would give us direct and immediate economic benefit to help the undeveloped world or, alternatively, that it would cost us immense sacrifices to do so. The trouble is that, in my humble opinion, neither proposition happens to be true.

JOHN STRACHEY

House of Commons.

F. E. SMITH AND CASEMENT

SIR,—Some of your correspondents who are critical of Paul Johnson's review of *F.E.* suggest that Smith had no particular wish to see Roger Casement hanged, and that he would not have opposed a plea of insanity if entered by the defence on his behalf.

The weight of evidence does not support this suggestion. Anybody who reads the closing passages of Smith's speech for the prosecution cannot but be struck by a note of bitterness, normally absent from a capital charge case in modern times, nor have any doubts that the accusing words excluded any thought of clemency for Casement. Henry Nevinson, who was present at the trial, had no doubt that Smith's speech was a call for the death of Casement.

But there is further evidence to discredit the suggestion. Dorothy Macargle, in *The Irish Republic* published in 1937, states that the *Boston Post* of 14 January 1918 reported F. E. Smith as having declared at New York that nothing gave him greater delight than the execution of Casement and that he had threatened to resign from the government unless Casement was hanged.

The report of the Boston paper is categorical enough and does not appear to have been challenged. Unless it is proved inaccurate, it should in itself be proof that F. E. Smith was one of the strongest supporters of the death penalty for Casement.

WILLIAM FARRELL

The Eifion Flats,
Criccieth, Caernarvonshire

THE MAUGHAM LEGEND

SIR,—I have always enjoyed the bemused resentment of professional intellectuals at the success of Mr Somerset Maugham; and am glad to see 'Beluncle' carrying on a tradition which has lasted for more than half a century, but which I had begun to fear was dead.

If Maugham is 'easily the most popular author in the world', how does it make him an 'international myth'? I have a notion that his bank balance is far from mythical! If he has led no causes, offered no ideals and created no international scandal, why should that detract from his achievement? I am not aware of any causes, ideals or international scandals 'offered' by Jane Austen, Thackeray, Balzac, Turgenev, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tchekhov and Maupassant. Or, for that matter, by Shakespeare. Yet they have all been highly regarded best sellers.

'Beluncle' says that when Maugham's scenes are set abroad they are out of date. This is quite untrue. The British empire which was the background of his greatest short stories, and of which he saw more than most of us, no longer exists. The scenes remain; and also the characters, because they are true to life.

If you visit Malaya, Borneo and Hong Kong, as I recently had occasion to do, you can't escape him. At every turn he nudges your elbow, and reminds you of the tales he had to tell. You may resent his final verdict—that, on balance, the English have left behind them a legacy of hatred. But, as with everything he writes, you feel the element of truth; and hesitate to contradict so shrewd an observer. It is not easy to forgive those to whom you have been under an obligation.

What, then, is the explanation of the Maugham 'legend' First, because, as 'Beluncle' grudgingly admits, he is a story-teller of wide range and enormous skill. He takes you out of yourself; and if, in so doing, he writes simple English, it can hardly be accounted a crime. He can also write passages of great lyric beauty—as, for example, in *The Gentleman in the Parlour* and *The Narrow Corner*.

Second, because he has an insight into human nature which, although it does not cut as deep as that of Proust, is almost certainly keener than that of any other living writer. Finally because, underlying all his work, there is a philosophy of life, characteristically 'summed up', which is not flung at you, but which goes far beyond that of the bridge table or of mere *savoir faire*. A philosophy of toleration, sense and sensibility, which makes a growing appeal to millions who are sick to death of the 'smelly little orthodoxies' which Orwell truly said were now contending for our souls.

The legend is not difficult to comprehend if you judge Maugham by his own standards—'The proper aim of the writer of fiction is not to instruct but to please. . . . It is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform'. He pleases. And he does not preach. What a relief!

BOOTHBY

House of Lords

C. H. ROLPH

SIR,—The letter published in the NEW STATESMAN dated 19 December 1959, and signed by Sir Alan Herbert and others, appears to be based on a misunderstanding of the facts. While the BBC would not want a statement of the facts to deter those who may wish to assist Mr C. H. Rolph, the Corporation feels that you may think that, in fairness, they should be made known to your readers.

Sir Alan and his co-signatories say that Mr Rolph utilised material supplied to him for the purpose by the BBC and found himself subsequently penalised to the tune of £225 'because the material turned out to have been inaccurate'.

Mr Rolph was not penalised for using inaccurate material supplied by the BBC. His liability arose out of mis-statements made by him in a broadcast talk which were not present in the newspaper cuttings supplied to him, at his own request, by the BBC.

A sum of £2,250 was paid as compensation in settlement of the case. The BBC paid £2,025 of this sum. Mr. Rolph agreed to contribute £225, which he is paying by way of instalments spread over two and a half years.

M. G. FARQUHARSON
The Secretary

Broadcasting House, W1

[This letter appears to us somewhat disingenuous. The BBC has admitted that it supplied Mr Rolph with misleading material on which he was invited to base his talk; it has not denied that in fact he had no access—and could reasonably have had none—to any other background material. Mr Rolph on his side has admitted that, in commenting at short notice on misleading material, he unwittingly deviated still further from accuracy and 'fair comment'; he agrees that in law the BBC's case against him is impregnable. What is at issue, however, is not the Corporation's legal right, but the level of its conduct. By decent journalistic standards this is shabby in the extreme. —ED., *NS*.]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Science in Spate

> The *Society* itself made the distribution, and deputed whom it thought fit for the prosecution of such or such Experiments. And this they did, either by allotting the *same* work to *several* men, separated one from another; or else by *joyning* them into *Committees* (if we may use that word in a Philosophical sence, and so in some measure purge it from the ill sound which it formerly had). By this *union* of *eyes* and *hands* there do these advantages arise. Thereby there will be a full *comprehension* of the object in *all* its appearances; and so there will be a mutual communication of the light of one *science* to another: whereas *single labours* can be but as a prospect taken upon one side.

THUS Thomas Sprat set forth the principle of division of labour in scientific inquiry, and its demonstration in the activities of the newly founded Royal Society*. The notion that a sound grasp of reality can be acquired by a Committee is a little naive; as most of us (except some government departments) now know, the secrets of Nature are too supple and slippery to be fallen on by mere weight of numbers. But the success of European science since that day certainly stems from that 'mutual communication', which the scientific academies created and fostered. The true meeting-place of scientific minds is not at Gresham College, or Burlington House; it is in the pages of the *Philosophical Transactions, Contes Rendues, The Physical Review, Doklady Akad. Nauk SSSR, Zeits. für Electrochemie,* etc., etc., etc. Spoken words vanish into heated air; printed words have a brutal permanence that demands agreement or refutation.

The fascination of the Newton correspondence† is that it demonstrates the very beginnings of the systematic publication of scientific communications. In the first years, when Newton was still practically unknown, we find private letters between him and John Collins, a London civil servant and bookseller, who had travelled widely and kept up an extensive correspondence with other scholars. James Gregory, in St Andrews, learnt through him that Newton had solved many problems in the calculus, and was able to check the calculations which they had both made. From Collins also came news of mathematical textbooks, published abroad and slow to reach Cambridge – the precursor, it seems, of all the scholarly reviews and publishers' blurbs by which we are now daily battered.

In 1671, Newton submitted to the Royal Society his 'Invention of contracting telescopes' which brought him great admiration and minor fame. He was later elected a Fellow; more important, he naturally fell into regular correspondence with Henry Oldenburg, the Secretary. Soon we find these letters, polished up and clarified, printed in the *Philosophical Transactions,* which Oldenburg had begun in 1664. The news that Mr Newton of Cambridge had a new theory of light, which he had shown could be analysed into separate colours by a prism, was now more than a private communication. It was of such immediate interest to so many people that it was advisable to make it public in a permanent form. The Fellows of the Royal Society would wish to discuss and criticise it; naturally they would need their own printed copies, to take home and puzzle out. It was as inevitable an invention as a printed menu or the *Radio Times*.

Since then, the scientific 'paper' has ruled supreme. Whole libraries consist of nothing but volumes of scientific journals, each made up of short communications bound together only by a general definition of a field of study and the accident of being published in the same year. Each of these papers retains essentially the form of the letters from Newton to Oldenburg. It is a communication from a scholar describing his experiments, recording his observations, setting forth his conclusions. It is objective, for it treats only of what the reader may observe for himself if he repeats the same experiment; it is personal, for only the author vouches for its accuracy.

The style has changed. Newton's great paper on colour begins:

> . . . I shall without further ceremony acquaint you that, in the beginning of the year 1666 (at which time I applyed myself to the grinding of Optick glasses of other figures than *Spherical*) I procured me a Triangular glass-prisme, to try therewith the celebrated *Phenomena* of *Colours*.

How would it go nowadays?

> In recent years there has been a certain amount of theoretical work (Descartes 1637) on the phenomenon of chromogeny. In a previous communication by the author (Newton 1666) it was shown that this phenomenon tended to limit the resolving power of refracting optical instruments. More recent experiments (Newton, to be published) on the abrasive fabrication of aspherical lenticules have suggested that, in the special case of a beam passing through a triangular prism of glass. . . .

It is not merely that we have lost the virility of seventeenth-century prose. The perfect passive is so clumsy, and pompous, and dead, that there is no pleasure in reading modern scientific papers, except for the exciting intellectual landscapes into which these paved pedestrian footpaths may lead. Yet there has been some gain by the impersonal style. At least we have tamed the furies of public controversy. Francis Line, who said that Newton had been 'deceav'd by a bright cloud', would not have been able to publish those words nowadays. There would not have been the famous debate with Hooke, which so upset Newton that he wanted to resign from the Royal Society and publish no more – 'finding already by that little use I have made of the Presse that I shall not enjoy my former serene liberty till I have done with it'. A false theory is now more likely to be politely ignored than deliberately refuted.

Of course, there is still controversy. Listen to the conversation of scientists over the tea-table. Read their private letters to their colleagues elsewhere – letters which have scarcely changed in tone or function from those of Newton with his contemporaries. But especially read the reports of the 'referees' whose job it is to assure the editor of a scientific journal that a communication is scientifically sound and suitable for publication. Under the cloak of anonymity, some hard truths are uttered. How many referees have become exasperated at the stupid pretentiousness of some shoddy piece of work? How many authors must have felt, along with Newton, a flush of anger at the superficial sneer of the referee at a work which has cost months or years of effort? The editor's task of arbitrating between the two requires tact, and if, like Oldenburg, he does not exercise it he may do serious harm. Is it better to risk an occasional earth-shaking paper being rejected by foolish referees (it has only happened once, that I know of – Waterston's work on the kinetic theory of gases) or should one not worry about a flood of second-rate papers hiding a valuable contribution in an obscure journal (as in the case of Mendel)?

On the whole, the easy course is taken, for there is always great pressure to publish. The professional status of a research worker depends mainly on his getting into print; why should we not oblige him? The result is that the number of papers published each year is increasing rapidly. New journals are constantly appearing. The *Philosophical Transactions* and *Proceedings* of the Royal Society soon split into Physical and Biological series. Physical and Chemical societies began then to produce separate journals. Now we are seeing even more specialised compilations – *Physics of Solids, Physics of Liquids, Nucleonics,* and so on, each devoted to a single narrow field of study. Nobody can read them all; very few private people actually buy them; they accumulate in libraries, like gold in Fort Knox.

The flood is not being stemmed. It is not considered improper by some scientists to refer to duplicated 'reports', prepared for the internal use of some corporation or laboratory and circulated to a few people outside, as if these constituted published papers. To stake the earliest claims for priority, to make sure of being absolutely up-to-date, one must not wait for the clean print of the published journal, and the tidy format of the 'separate' or 'reprint'; one must send out, or demand, a 'preprint' – double-spaced typing duplicated in fading purple ink on a substance like blotting paper – with the note that this valuable communication has been submitted for publication to such and such a journal.

Then there is the Conference. Those delightful gatherings of the Royal Society at which, for example, 'divers creatures were immediately purg'd, vomited, intoxicated or reviv'd, according to the quality of the liquor injected into their veins', soon gave place to solemn little meetings for the formal reading of shortened versions of papers to be published in the Society's journals. Of course, there have been famous occasions in

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* *History of the Royal Society.* By THOMAS SPRAT. Facsimile of the edition of 1667, edited by JACKSON I. COPE and HAROLD WHITMORE JONES. *Routledge.* 50*s*.

† *The Correspondence of Isaac Newton.* Vol. I. 1661-1675. Edited by H. W. TURNBULL. *Cambridge:* for the Royal Society. 7*gns*.

the past, at the *Académie des Sciences*, or the British Association, where a scientific argument has been conducted in the open. But the Conference is not like that. Typically, many hundreds of miscellaneous scientists get together, and listen to each other talking, for five minutes apiece, with intervals only for meals and sleep. Most of them admit that they had to give a 'paper' so as to get their expenses paid. Unscrupulous publishers then have these 'contributions' printed without referees or criticism, and sell them as if they were indispensable parts of the official canon of the subject. Of course, there is value in the occasion when a few people who know something about a subject gather with time to listen, and think, and argue it out. That is not the same thing as the doctrine that 'if a man has anything worth saying he can say it in ten minutes' – a modern version of that underestimation of the subtlety of Nature which persuaded the Royal Society that they could discover all the truths by weekly meetings of amateurs.

Naturally, mechanisms have been created which make it possible to find out, more or less, what is going on. There are journals of 'Abstracts', which contain short summaries of each of the tens of thousands of papers that have been published in, say, physics, each year. It is just possible to thumb through these, and use their complicated indexes to find out if there is any recent work on some particular problem. There are also 'Reviews', which are surveys, by experts, of recent progress in a narrow field of research. These are useful for working scientists, and are nowadays very popular with publishers; one often finds, in several different places, very nearly the same article by the same reputed authority. Unfortunately they are not so popular with students, for they do not attempt to lay bare the foundations of the subject, and to develop it in detail, but are usually no more than *catalogues raisonnés* constructed round a bibliographical card-index.

The astonishing thing is that with this spate of papers, etc., there are so few good books. Scientific research is an artistic activity, and the *petits maîtres* have their place; but the great masterpieces have been on a heroic scale. Ours is, undoubtedly, an age of splendid achievement in science, only we do not know how far we have advanced until we see it at last, crystallised, organised, argued in detail, in a monograph or treatise. The great merit of *The Origin of Species*, of *Mécanique Céleste*, or of the *Theory of Sound*, is not only that it demolishes criticism like a tank; it makes it quite unnecessary to read anything that had ever been written on the subject before that date. After all, Newton's letters are only forerunners of his *Opticks* and his *Principia*.

JOHN ZIMAN

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The Art of Seeming Reasonable

Gezira: A Story of Development in the Sudan. By A. GAITSKELL. *Faber*. 42*s*.

Mr Arthur Gaitskell is without any doubt the most distinguished British expert on primitive agriculture. His success, not merely as the last head of the Gezira irrigation and cotton-growing scheme, but as an international adviser of a host of poor countries, demands the utmost attention for anything he says in his chosen field. In particular, he is certainly by far the most authoritative person to pronounce on the lessons of the Gezira scheme, the most successful attempt hitherto – not excluding TVA – to bring to a fairly large poor territory capital, technical knowledge and administrative skill for integral development. The history of this partnership between the peasants, the government and a foreign syndicate, from which the latter faded out at a predetermined date (having made some, but by no means sensational, profits) is one of the utmost importance for all poor countries. And the organisation which transformed a miserable, lazy, ignorant, superstitious and indolent peasantry into a body of well-disciplined land-workers able to get the best out of the soil, is a story which has relevance to all governments of arid and semi-arid countries from Morocco to India. I have immensely benefited by Mr Gaitskell's and his successor's advice when drawing up plans for Iraq. This book will prove invaluable to all international civil servants struggling with the problem of development.

It is true, of course, that the Gezira presented opportunities not easily found elsewhere. It was a relatively underpopulated area with easy access to water. The crushing of the Mahdi's revolt had left the country bereft of a powerful elite with which the Colonial Power could have collaborated; and such collaboration would probably have made impossible the sweeping reorganisation of land-tenure needed for the scheme. In the British military rulers of the Sudan there was that contempt for the entrepreneurial spirit which secured the highly advantageous conditions to the Sudan and its people – the Syndicate only receiving a fifth of the profits. One wonders what government would now dare to squeeze influential capitalists without being accused of expropriation and wild radicalism. It was, altogether, an exceptional story of success.

Yet, all the same, the British influence in the Sudan seems to have declined rather than advanced in effectiveness as the years went by. In the nineteen-hundreds the Gordon College at Khartoum anticipated the need for skilled technicians by setting up training-courses. By the Forties the University was not able to produce agriculturists in any numbers needed for the take-over (they produced classicists instead). The accelerated drift to liberation from British tutelage was insufficiently prepared. The Southern Sudan was delivered into the hands of the North, and the whole country to a dictatorship. Mr Gaitskell is far too perceptive not to see these grave difficulties. He is frightened of planning leading to an autocratic regime (p. 333). Yet he must see that in an environment of poverty and despair a mere negative handing-over will mean not only dictatorship, but probably a corrupt and pointless dictatorship which prepares the way to a Communist revolution. The use of UN agencies cannot solve the problem of responsibility: those are bureaucracies responsible only to bureaucracies.

Without shedding some of our North-are completely inapplicable in Africa or Asia, it is most unlikely that we are going to meet the Communist challenge successfully. Nor is the feeling of guilt over past paternalism or exploitation, which counsels aid on a completely altruistic basis, likely to be effective. Until the mutual benefit – at any rate political benefit – to ourselves of a new philosophy of international aid is realised, the necessary effort is most unlikely to be made – at any rate by the democracies. Unfortunately Mr Gaitskell's civilised urbanity and moderation are not likely to yield that utter determination, and that firm conviction that basic changes are required, which are necessary to beat the Communists at their own game. It is a pity that he had no chance of implementing his ideas between the wars. And now there is no longer enough time.

T. BALOGH

Imagination and Society

Coleridge—Critic of Society. By JOHN COLMER. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

> In political philosophy, to which he paid much attention . . . constructively he had little to offer.

This was the dry judgment of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*, not many years ago. We are not likely to dismiss this aspect of Coleridge's work quite so briefly today. Mr Colmer's clear and intelligent study, based on a Ph.D. thesis for the University of London, further extends our knowledge. It is the most comprehensive account yet published of Coleridge's political prose – in the *Morning Post*, the *Courier*, his own journals *The Watchman* and *The Friend*, and in various other places.

Mr Colmer does show that the *Oxford Companion* was partly right. In his political and social criticism Coleridge rarely bridged the gap between principles and possible actions; and he rarely found the right 'public' voice. One constantly notices the difference between what Mr Colmer calls the 'speculative daring' of the private Notebooks and the uncertainty (cautious or rhetorical) of the leading articles. To those who know Coleridge chiefly as a major literary critic his stumblings here cannot fail to be moving and suggestive.

Yet he could sometimes do an excellently workmanlike job. One instance from those quoted here, his editing of his own parliamentary report, is enough to give us a powerful admiration for his professional skill. Much more important is the persistence of his concern with social criticism. He did indeed pay much attention to 'thoughts about society', and at his best (in *On The Constitution of the Church and State*, for example) he was, to quote Mr Colmer again, 'profound and original'—and influential. But his difficulties, those problems he rarely brought to manageable proportions, are just as illuminating.

Of these, the first are questions likely to face any man of letters who engages in widely disseminated social criticism. Obviously, Coleridge had an exceptional respect for language: he never forgot that the way things are said is part of what is being said. One of the most interesting threads running throughout Mr Colmer's narrative is this pressing sense of responsibility, of the difficulty in knowing how to speak properly to large and relatively unknown audiences. Sometimes Coleridge decided to stay in his cottage and let his 'taper' shine from there—'if only ten minds have been awakened by my writings . . . the benefit may well compensate'. But he kept coming back—searching for a manner in which to speak to the upper ranks of society, or to those in the middle, or even to 'The Masses'. This last was hardest of all. He hated the manner of Cobbett (and would have much more disliked, as Mr Colmer notes, the manner of today's national popular press). But when he did try to reach 'The Masses' his tone became condescending.

How best, he is all the time implicitly asking, can an imaginative writer bring his insights to bear on the *current* decisions of society? Sometimes he made slightly comic mistakes—as when he wrote to the Prime Minister suggesting that the cure for society's pressing troubles was a change of heart, in prose which the Prime Minister could anyway hardly understand. Yet he kept trying for new points of entry, for valid links between 'ideas' and practical decisions. There can be no short or final answer to such a question as Coleridge was asking, and each generation has to decide where to put the emphasis so as to compensate for its particular deficiencies. I think my own generation, though interested in political ideas, has been insufficiently ready to relate them to the grind and detail of practical application. We cannot hope to have Coleridge's intellectual and imaginative stature; but his sustained, close, informed application should rebuke us.

When we turn from his problems as a writer to his social ideas in themselves we are at least equally disturbed. His notion of a unified national culture (and his touches of what Mr Colmer calls 'a feudal nostalgia') can now be easily seen as errors. Yet those of us who have been recently accused of seeking some such national culture (and of indulging in a 'working-class nostalgia'), and who think our points have been misunderstood, can learn much from this record about the difficulty—and the necessity—of finding how to say what one really means in this appallingly slippery field.

One need have no such doubts about Coleridge's brilliantly repeated insistence that 'persons are not things', that every generality must be traced back to individuals with all the human sympathy we can command. For we, too, have to try to find the *particular* forms in which this insight may be expressed, relevantly, and again and again, today—when we have become so sophisticatedly self-conscious about 'social engineering' that the idea of the 'individualness of the individual' looks like becoming a disabling generality in itself.

Most difficult of all is the question of the 'clerisy'. Hardly anyone today would think of moral and intellectual 'guardians' in Coleridge's way. But equally one cannot settle for what might be called the contemporary 'availability assumption'—only let there be lots of variety and lots of tolerance (and let no one ever say 'Here I stand'), and social good will naturally emerge. In present circumstances the chief good which emerges is to those who can profit from a chaos of choices-without-distinctions. Whatever we call them, we do need more independent and serious and *active* groups and individuals, especially since the older critical forms seem to be becoming peripheral to the main trends in modern society.

RICHARD HOGGART

From Pytheas to Fuchs

The White Road. By L. P. KIRWAN. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*

Nansen the Explorer. By EDWARD SHACKLETON. *Witherby.* 18*s.*

In *The White Road*, the Director of the Royal Geographical Society relates the history of polar exploration from the earliest times to the eve of the International Geophysical Year in an admirable prose style, capable with equal ease of describing scientific research and the organisation of expeditions and of rendering without highfalutin feats of heroism and endurance. And this is very much to the point, for whatever the motives behind polar exploration, whether economic, scientific, or those of national prestige or of sheer pothunting sportsmanship, the constant factors must from its very nature be heroism and endurance. These are the threads that link the Norse settlements in Greenland—perhaps the most imaginatively suggestive of all Mr Kirwan's pages—with Scott and Shackleton.

In fact, of course, the motives are invariably mixed and change from generation to generation. They were at their simplest, perhaps, in the earliest days of Arctic exploration proper: it was the necessity to circumvent the Spanish and Portuguese monopolies of the New World and the newly opened-up Far East that forced the English and Dutch in the sixteenth century to seek the North-East and North-West Passages to China. By the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth things were rather different. By then, so far as the English were concerned, national prestige—polar exploration had become the especial province of the Royal Navy—and scientific research had joined hands. But there were other factors as well. Evangelism was one of them: Bibles for Eskimos were an essential part of the supplies carried by researching British warships. Then, in the second half of the nineteenth century, came the age of the brilliant individualists: Nansen, Peary, Amundsen, Shackleton, Stefansson. What they had in common was courage. Apart from that, how different they were! Nansen and Stefansson were scientists, Peary and Amundsen obsessional record-breakers who wanted to be there first and for whom one Pole was as good as the other, Shackleton the debonair adventurer.

In the whole record of polar exploration certain figures stand out as bigger than their fellows, almost indeed as of a different quality: Captain Cook, of course, in some respects the greatest of them all, and Nansen, the most attractive, partly because of his very complexity. It is this that Lord Shackleton somewhat misses in his *Nansen the Explorer*. Nansen was nothing if not

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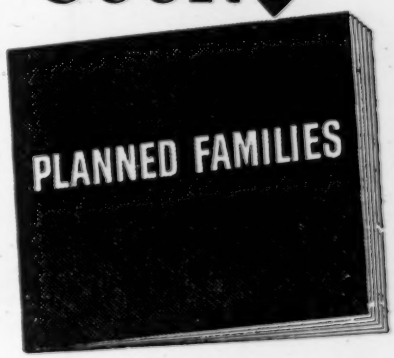

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a professional scientist, the inventor of techniques revolutionary in their time: it is one of the ironies of polar exploration that, if the British could have brought themselves to follow his example of using sledge-dogs and of slaughtering them on occasion for food both for themselves and for the remaining dogs, Scott might never have died. But the English thing about dogs was too strong, and though there was never the same inhibition about ponies, ponies were less efficient.

But Nansen was not simply a scientist; and it is Mr Kirwan, not Lord Shackleton, who provides us with the revelatory comment that Nansen's hero was Ibsen. No doubt the two are not in conflict and are indeed complementary; but the fact is, Nansen united within himself the scrupulousness of the dedicated scientist and the largeness of mind, the sheer imaginative quality, of a great romantic poet. It was wholly in character that at the peak of his career as a polar explorer, and while on the eve of the expedition that would have crowned his achievements in the field, he should have lent the *Fram* to Amundsen and then gone on to become a principal architect of Norwegian independence, and later the impassioned servant of the League of Nations. He was a very great man, and the index of his greatness is that, together with Ibsen, to the outside world he is the symbol of his country.

WALTER ALLEN

In Raymond Williams's review last week 'Verse and Drama' Richard Eberhart's play *The Visionary Farms* appeared as *The Visionary Forms*.

Of the two books reviewed on Greek art Martin Robertson's *Greek Painting* is the Skira publication (with Zwemmer), and not Gisela Richter's *Handbook* (Phaidon).

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TRAVEL BY RAIL

Heroes of Nyasaland

Mackenzie's Grave. By OWEN CHADWICK. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Here is a rare thing—a precise, almost laconic piece of scholarship which grips the imagination like *Treasure Island*. It is the story of the first mission to Nyasaland, told by a master hand. In 1861, responding to Livingstone's fanatical idealism, a little team of Anglicans under the freshly consecrated Bishop Mackenzie reached the mouth of the Zambesi. They expected to find what they had been promised—a great waterway for their supply route and an artery for the trade in cotton which they would substitute for the trade in slaves; and up river in the Shire Highlands, a natural cotton field, abundant game, and a people waiting for conversion by teaching and example. Instead they found a fever-ridden delta, blocked by a treacherous bar, useless for trade; a land where cotton was never to succeed; and a people too demoralised for slavery to be ended without force. They never hesitated. They freed some slaves, more than they could look after. Soon they had collected a pathetic rabble of emaciated waifs and sick old women, among whom they set a saintly example of devotion and altruism. Their stores ran out and the uncertain river link broke down. The site, chosen by Livingstone, was unhealthy and his patent medicine—the 'Rousers'—was not the elixir he had claimed. One by one they began to die—Mackenzie first of all.

Several of the missionaries kept diaries. Through them Professor Chadwick re-creates the scene and the people unforgettably. Mackenzie, Waller, Scudamore and Burrup, faithful to their ideals in face of death and, worse, of being forced to abandon the people who depended on them. It was impossible; Mackenzie's successor, Tozer, the voice of logic and prudence, forced them to give up. Yet those who survived went back, and others too. The ideals of Mackenzie, not the logic and prudence of Tozer, had power to move men. The present-day differences between Nyasaland and Cecil Rhodes's Southern Rhodesia can be very largely traced to this fact.

COLIN LEYS

Marked Passages

A Choice of Ornaments. By NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*

This is the kind of literary anthology in which the pieces, like truffles, are embedded in the *pâté* of memory: not only Mr Bentley's taste, but his dislikes, dreams, ignorances, and curiosity occupy us as much as his authors, who range from Beckford to Bemelmans, *Encyclopædia Britannica* to Michael Drayton. Since childhood he has had a habit of marking passages, and we are urged to look over his shoulder and listen to his associations. So the appeal is far more mixed than usual; if we can't bear what entrances Mr Bentley, then there's his milieu or predilection to be considered. *A Choice of Ornaments*, in fact, can be perused, not snapped up here and flung down there.

Its quality may best be indicated by opening the book at pages 86-87. A longish narrative of Dunkirk (by Robert Harling) is followed by reflections on English calm, enshrined in a letter published at that fateful moment by *The Times*: 'Sir,—It is to be hoped that the College of Arms will shortly publish the blazon of the Princess's [Elizabeth's] arms to supplement and elucidate the incomplete description appearing in today's papers. . . .' and so on for a dozen lines. Mr Bentley hugs it for its invincibility, its genius of unconscious humour. Yes, but then, having led us up this delightful alley, and with no more 'surround' than some bromides about the comfort of unreality and its vividness in childhood, he goes on to quote *Hohenlinden* entire; and can find no more excuse, before straying on to another battlefield—Gettysburg—than that, while it may not be very good, his appreciation remains undimmed. Is he exceptionally naive, or has he merely left out all the links that would give this inclusion point?

He is, we gradually discover, a queer mixture: conventional essayist who can thrill us with the unexpanded statement that, after a University education, he worked in a circus; an agnostic who can devote a whole chapter to Creeds, introduced by the statement that his only knowledge of comparative religions was gained from a single reading of William James on the subject; a non-poet who can quote Drayton, Betjeman, Quarles, and Kipling with obvious understanding; an anti-critic who seems to think criticism a waste of time, and analysis of works of art an impertinence, yet had a thorough art training and was captivated by Sir Walford Davies's talks on music. He is in fact muddled, a trifle priggish, scared of giving himself away, and has found this method of semi-autobiography, semi-anthology, best suited to his eagerness and inhibitions.

And it succeeds. We are diverted, charmed, puzzled, rarely bored by the many-faceted mirror he holds up. Joyce Cary (with a children's party), Churchill among the dervishes, two naive globe-trotters (H. and H. C. Wrigley), the Goncourts' menu-sketch of Baudelaire at the next table, Raleigh under sentence of death writing to his wife, Gosse's childhood, Robert Byron's flower litany, Fanny Burney fleeing her poor mad king in the garden, and the polyphonous De Quincey only lately 'discovered'!—self-revelation peeps out and is quickly veiled on every page. This makes the book both exciting and unsatisfying. About some of Mr Bentley's enthusiasms we should have liked to know so much more—Caran d'Ache, for example, extolled above all other comic artists; G. K. Chesterton, who loomed large in childhood, though many of his recommendations may have been dropped since; Edith Sitwell who tried to instil poetry. . . .

We have had the ornaments, next time perhaps we might see the furniture?

G. W. STONIER

Printer's Shop-window

Motif: a Journal of the Visual Arts, 1, 2 and 3. Edited by RUARI MCLEAN. *Shenval Press.* 20*s. each.*

Every now and then an enterprising printer brings out a journal to show how well he can print if left to himself, and that, if publishers can't afford to run it, he can. *Motif* succeeds admirably in its first aim. It looks spirited and gay, is very well printed, and the typography is skilfully varied from article to article. If it hasn't the erudition of *Signature* it has something of the verve of *Verve*. Whether it will succeed in its second aim remains to be seen. The editor has at all events tried to find something to please everybody, even if everything pleases nobody.

Applied, rather than pure, arts are preferred (though each issue contains a well-photographed conspectus of a modern sculptor), there is nothing about easel-painting, no connoisseurship (except about printers and typographers), and no dis-

cussion of anything that is not relatively new (except printing and typography). There is plenty of polemic. Illustrators abound (from Lurçat to Joan Hassall) and even hold forth about their trade (Ardizzone brilliantly, Lynton Lamb sensibly). Helmut Gernsheim ploughs his old furrow and contributes three good articles on the history of photographic æsthetics, and gives some appearance of a *motif* to the three issues. The first leans a little heavily on papers given to the Double Crown Club and the last lets off a few ugly blasts of esoteric asperity. If Mr McLean can stop *Motif* from talking to itself (heaven knows it has plenty to talk about!) and can find enough people willing to pay only about half as much as they would for a book of the same scope, it may succeed where its predecessors have failed.

RICHARD GARNETT

Chateaubriand's Heir

Camus. By GERMAINE BRÉE. *Mark Paterson: Rutgers.* 35*s.*

Camus makes his paradoxicality clear. If we sympathise with him it's with his baffled reasonableness caught between physical rapture and cosmic dismay, not with the tortuous dialectician who, having once written a thesis about Plotinus's influence on St Augustine, still spars excitedly with the noumenal. The man is various, as Mlle Brée sedulously reveals: an amalgam of sybarite and preacher, country-boy and pontiff, casuist and simplifier. Alsatian-Spanish, he has many and varied sympathies. Tuberculosis has ravaged him; but he has learned immensely from it, as from early poverty, travels in Italy, two gifted and generous teachers, Arab atavism and his own Workers' Theatre in Algiers itself.

Mlle Brée, in this thorough, discerning and unlaboured study, extracts a steady Camus from the mosaic of his own inconsistencies and hyperboles. He emerges, self-exploring without self-engrossment, gradually realising that life wouldn't be worth living if we could fully understand it. She has talked with him and gone through his notebooks; and her most interesting find is an unpublished first novel, *La Mort heureuse,* a kind of Dostoevskian *Summa* which, she suggests, was the matrix of many subsequent works. The novel's hero, Mersault (prototype of *L'Etranger's* Meursault) deliberately kills Zagreus, a Dionysus figure, as a protest or 'revolt' against death. This crime, and Mersault's eventual joyous acquiescence in his own death, anticipate Camus's three-fold view in which the 'absurd' (utterly deaf) universe provokes 'revolt' either nihilistic (anarchy) or ideological (prophetism and revolution), neither of which compares favourably with a hopeful moderateness based on instants of 'sunlit thought'. Camus's stoicism – all *mesure,* gradualness and golden means – has an oddly Christian flavour, as Mlle Brée says. For our 'century of fear' he prescribes neither solitude nor utter solidarity; we should be neither maenads nor ascetics, neither men of stone nor mock-gods, but simply 'present' to one another.

Although paying extensive homage to such views, Mlle Brée also considers Camus's blatant but little-discussed shortcomings. She quotes Sartre's rebuke that Camus loves humanity but mistrusts individuals – and might have related to this his feeble sense of social texture, of love between groping solitaries, of the fact that we fear not so much death as the possibilities beyond it: his rapture without hope isn't enough. We must love life, he says; but in his discussions of art, Mlle Brée finds much talk of 'fraternity', little of 'delight in man himself'. Of art, perhaps the perfectionist's only outlet, he has 'an uncompromising and elevated idea' – too much so for the master of *mesure.* His mythology and Nemesis (his goddess to punish excess) depend upon an exigent eclecticism which might have included only Berenson, Plotinus and the inscrutable 'sunlight on the olive-trees'. As it is, he ranges widely with a narrow purpose and offers a noble civic doxology rather than what Lionel Trilling calls a culture's 'buzz and hum of implication'. First things first. Sartre called him 'the most gifted of the heirs of Chateaubriand' – praising the Camus with a 'social cause', not moderation's nympholept whose middle way leads often to a mediocre ordinariness his imagination spurns. But he is with Chateaubriand anyway, for martyrs, exoticism and quasi-Christianity as well as political idealism. The two writers also share an inability to write the novel of manners. Is the apocalyptic vision of eternal and modern verities – for Camus, death, the pathos of ageing, summer's 'invincible' recurrence, cold war, technological progress, French paratroops purging his native Algeria – communicable in terms of so much else that is muddled and trivial and intimate, out of which our daily lives are made? Can Camus be Flaubert's heir too? *Le premier homme,* his novel in progress, will surely tell us once and for all. Mlle Brée's study and full bibliography prepare us for it magnificently.

PAUL WEST

New Novels

Ko Lien Hua Ying—Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

The Tongue of Fire. By MIKA WALTARI. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poule de Luxe. By SUSAN YORKE. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

The Shriek of the Gull. By PETER DE POLNAY. *W. H. Allen.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Though there seems to be even more doubt about its authorship (there are five textual sources), *Flower Shadows* is a direct and close sequel to *The Golden Lotus – Chin P'ing Mei.* It traces the fortunes of a few of the characters in the earlier book under their own names and provides others with reincarnations in which they meet their accumulated deserts. This is a special prerogative of the Chinese Buddhist novelist; it gives him a sadistic licence like a nonconformist minister's. When poor Silver Vase – a girl who has had a most woeful fate, being seduced by the gay Cash and Carry, married off to a fat cruel beast, eloped with down river by her first lover and then betrayed again – has hanged herself, we are suddenly told: 'And so her debt of guilt, which she had contracted in her previous existence as Lady Ping, by breaking faith with her husband and robbing him of his fortune, was thereby paid in full'.

The effect of smugness, even at such a distance in time and space – especially as the pious homilies generally follow detailed descriptions of sensual pleasures sometimes told with lip-smacking anti-feminist relish – in no way detracts from the fascination of this chronicle. It begins shortly after the death of Hsi Men, the easy-going libertine whose hopeless degeneration in the course of sexual excesses that took an ever more regressive infantilist turn, was the main theme of *The Golden Lotus.* Later he turns up in person reincarnated as a blind beggar-boy. (One wonders what a Buddhist novelist might do with some of the great characters of European fiction: no need to waste pity on that noseless old flower-seller; that's M. de Charlus.) Moon Lady, Hsi's virtuous first wife, still very much alive, is trying to protect the inheritance of her son, Liao Kung, in the chaos caused by the Tartar invasion that brought about the fall of the Northern Sung dynasty in the twelfth century. We follow her in and out of Buddhist and Taoist monastries. In one of them the Abbess has a lover disguised as a wandering Nun, but in general the moral tone of Moon Lady's vicissitudes is high. The contrast with the licentious adventures of the other characters and the three reincarnated wives (Lady Ping – Silver Vase; Golden Lotus – Cinnabar-Cinnamon; Spring Plum – Fragrant Jewel) is fairly sharp. Yet there are some linking passages that give you sudden flashes of revelation in which a connection, so remote and indirect, between Oriental feudal society and Oriental religious ideas suddenly appears plain.

The separate episodes of which the novel is composed unfold over a period of about twenty years. In the end there is a gathering together of the threads with the marriage of Liao Kung, who as a novice monk has found precarious favour with a robber baron's daughter, and with the recovery of some of his property with the help of directions from his father's ghost. It makes highly entertaining reading; there is a remarkable variety of incident, and a lot of minute, deliciously chromatic detail. Sometimes you come upon an affinity with the present that seems startlingly close, such as one account of a case-history of hysterical frigidity; at other times the atmosphere seems remote; but it is always lively. The translation, which is at double remove, by Vladimir Kean from the German version of Franz Kuhn, reads smoothly, and as though the book was written by one hand.

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The remaining three novels are left-overs from last year's fiction, though *The Tongue of Fire* is a new departure for Mika Waltari, a Finnish writer known in this country for his solidly detailed reconstructions of the ancient world. It is a short book, set in a modern Finnish town, written with obviously sincere religious feeling. Felix, a curiously wispy little clerk-statistician, suddenly feels commanded by God to give a short message of salvation to one stranger per day. You almost expect a kind of neo-Dostoevskian picaresque affair to develop. The main episode is a faith-healing experience that Felix and his rationalist old friend Professor Erkki sit in on together. Allergic though I am to all forms of faith, I found it not unimpressive.

Judged on the promise value of its title, *Poule de Luxe* is a sell, especially if you have to read it on top of a Chinese domestic classic. Millionaires' Manhattan is so much less rewarding than the Sung dynasty. Its heroine is Micheline, a New Yorkeress of Peruvian orgin. She is the mistress of Old Jasper Crownendam, billionaire tycoon and art-collector. We are told that her first rule, derived from close study of the great courtesans of history, is absolute luxury; but we do not get enough of it. I am accustomed to prescribe sedatives for American lady novelists, but all is here so decorously restrained that a stimulant seems indicated.

I enjoyed reading *The Shriek of the Gull*. It is a tragi-comedy told in dead-pan about one of those hopelessly weak characters, a man who can No more say no than Miss Dorothy Parker's polyglot friend. He meets his fate at the hands of a spider-woman. His name is Henry Bell and he has inherited a hideous house in the dreariest possible Sussex seaside town. He discovers, perhaps a bit far-fetchedly that the local solicitor is his illegitimate half-brother, and after starting on a joint boarding-house enterprise with him, is captured by his peculiarly terrible wife, Maureen. There is the material for a genuine horror comic here though it could have been given more polish, and some trimming.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Refugees

They Came as Strangers. By FRANCESCA M. WILSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

In spite of its reputed xenophobia, this country has a long tradition of generosity towards the victims of religious and political persecution. In the present century, however, a century in which, so far, more than 130 million people have been uprooted from their native countries, the record has been less good. The enormity of the problem and the parochial ethics of the modern paternalistic State have seemed to justify a strict protectionist policy against aliens. Even so, a great number of refugees have found asylum here during the last forty years.

Miss Wilson, who has devoted her life to this cause, has had the idea of writing the story of refugees in this country from the time of the first influx of Flemings in the fourteenth century to the Hungarian tragedy of the last decade. The greater part of her book is concerned with the major groups – the Huguenots, the political exiles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the Sephardic and Ashkenazi Jews – and an attempt is made to assess the contribution that these varied peoples have made to our society. The story is enlivened by extensive quotation from contemporary documents, with the purpose of showing what the strangers thought of the English and *vice versa*. Perhaps unavoidably in a survey of this kind there is a certain amount of tiresome chit-chat about the famous people who qualify for inclusion in it; and Miss Wilson has an unnerving command of the historical cliché. But her book is full of interesting facts, and it deserves to be widely read in this World Refugee Year, particularly as a part of the royalties from its sale will be devoted to that fund.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

Week-end Competition

No. 1,558 **Set by Scythrop**

In 1960 is to be celebrated the tercentenary of the restoration of the monarchy. The usual prizes are offered for an epigram (limit 6 lines) suited to the occasion. Entries by 12 January.

Result of No. 1,555 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for an ode to a postman (limit 12 lines).

Report

> Why must you leave the gate wide open, let
> My bitch out, and thus spoil my Christmas mood?

asked Fiona Macdonald. Most odes, however, sounded a friendlier note. James S. Fidgen had a neat ending to his quatrain ('brief, but I'm busy taking round the Xmas mail!'):

> You who only start your job
> The day you get the sack!

Doris M. Pulsford (the voice of experience) and others dwelt on the occupational risks of the business of postman's knock: awkward letter-boxes, dogs and multi-storey flats seem the worst.

I liked Barbara Roe's philosophy and was melted by H. G. Taylor's plea; they and the others printed share the prize money. And a p.c. of commendation goes to Vera Telfer, Stanley J. Sharpless, Gloria Prince, Margaret Dunnett and Ian Allan.

TO THE POSTMAN

O High-light of the day, O Morning Star,
How eagerly I seize the things that fall
With so divine a plop into the hall,
My soul athirst for words from friends afar,
For news from Rome, Toronto, Zanzibar;
'Oh what', I cry, 'has come for my delight?
And will it tell of snows, or Afric's night?
Of ancient tomb, or richly strange bazaar?'
Oh well, a Third Reminder and a score
Of bills, but still you're welcome when you call,
For even though you dash my hopes once more,
Better have hoped in vain than not at all.

BARBARA ROE

> You come with wealth that *Ernie* sends
> To some from far St Annes;
> You shower the magic dividends
> Won on the Treble Chance.
> Rewards, to finer merit due
> (Alas more meagre and too few),
> You bring the wise and clever,
> As down the well-trod paths you go
> Of Sharpless, Gunter, Laing and Co.,
> The welcome guineas to bestow.
> Prizes escape me ever:
> Instead – the bills in endless flow.
>
> H. G. TAYLOR

No longer, unfortunately, able to see you as a Wise King
Concerned still with the carrying of kindness which is meaningful,
We note now the inconsequential gestures which betray the utterly betrayed:
The careless slap of knockers and the casual flick
Of over-chosen slivers on our uninterested carpets.
Unwillingly on your shoulders, pictures of birds various,
Christmas beasts, carriages in snow and little white babies,
Men in top-hats, tinsel bells and fabulous hoity ladies;
And a million miles of matey verse.
What are you? Jester or Judas? Daddy to us all or carrier of the nation's guilty conscience?
Reluctantly, we have learned to beware the bearer of gifts.

PATRIC D. MACFADDEN

Now is the Winter of your discontent
When hourly through the wind and rain you plod,
Humping the presents, cards and letters sent
To celebrate the birthday of a God.

Do you, I wonder, think of the three Kings
Who came with gifts of frankincense and myrrh?
Are you an atheist, who finds such things
A superstitious nuisance every year?

Atheist or believer, this you know
As, wearily, you struggle up the block:
You bear unborn delights where'er you go
Which leap to life at every postman's knock.

H. A. C. EVANS

So placidly he plods his postman's walk*,
Doom in his bag and Kismet in his knock;
A judgment summons for 'The Downs' and talk
Of blackmail in a letter to 'Blackrock'.

He sows his bitter seed and in his wake
The scandals burgeon and the neighbours talk;
A gas-filled room, a body in the lake.
But placidly he plods his postman's walk.

Agent of Nemesis throughout the land
Behind him joy or misery may stalk.
Our lives, our destinies are in his hand.
Too placidly he plods his postman's walk.

J. P. MULLARKY

* *The official post office term for his round.*

City Lights

A Matter of Trusts

1959, like 1958, will probably prove to have ended with share prices higher than ever before. Prices have doubled in the past couple of years (as they did in 1953-4) and nobody can reasonably expect the market to continue rising at this pace for much longer, but investors everywhere are muttering happily to themselves about bigger sales, fatter profits, higher dividends and another rise in share prices during 1960. The only clouds on their horizon come from the directions of Germany and the United States, both determined to have no truck with inflation and both likely to lean heavily on monetary measures to achieve their aim: interest rates seem bound to rise, though the government will presumably keep the pot boiling as long as it dares, and it will be surprising if Mr Amory feels able to produce the give-away Budget about which the boom-boys are already burbling.

It was not primarily, however, an optimistic assessment of the economic outlook which persuaded the market to put on a spurt and finish the year at the top: it was more a question of special factors – a growing shortage of stock, a wave of large take-over bids and, above all, the government's proposals for revising the Trustee Acts. Once upon a time, when the value of money was relatively stable and gilt-edged stocks were regarded as the safest investment on earth, people setting up trusts would enjoin the trustees to invest the money only in securities 'for the time being authorised by law'; the present trustee legislation is effectively 70 years old and the list

of authorised trustee stocks is a higgledy-piggledy mixture, government, local authority and Commonwealth government fixed-interest stocks for the most part with a few more exotic securities, like those of water companies and Indian railways, to break the monotony. In the past 25 years of inflation, during which even the stupidest private investor and the stubbornest institutional investor have caught on to the equity fashion, the beneficiaries of such old-fashioned trusts – and others, like local authorities, for example, bound by similar rules – have watched the real value of their income and their capital steadily fall. People setting up trusts in recent years have taken good care to give their trustees discretionary power to select investments; moreover, it is possible, with trouble and expense, to get the court to vary the terms of private trusts and for local authorities to promote private bills for the same purpose; and the practice of doing so has been spreading. The government has been under pressure to revise its obsolete legislation for a considerable time past, it promised to do something last spring, and it has now brought out a White Paper containing outline proposals for discussion.

The gist of the proposals is that trustees who do not already enjoy the freedom of a discretionary clause should be able to invest up to half the trust fund in equities, provided that the stocks they pick come up to certain standards, that they do not put too many eggs into one basket, and that they take professional advice. There may well be over £1,000m. of trust money affected by these proposals, of which half would soon become available for switching out of gilt-edged into equities; a good deal is managed by the Public Trustee, an aptly named Mr Baulkwill. The long-term effect is obviously likely to be considerable and it is scarcely surprising that the White Paper, published two days before Christmas, gave the stock market the busiest Christmas Eve it has ever had. It may be some time yet before the new legislation is passed, but the market is getting ready to discount it in advance; trustees, everyone assumes, will always go for the 'blue-chips', the stocks of large-established companies, and it is these which have been most affected by the proposals; they yield little enough at the moment, and by the time trustees are free to invest in them the balance of interests between income for the life-tenant of the trust and capital for the remainderman may have become difficult to strike.

The government's proposals are meant to provoke discussion, and a number of criticisms have been obvious from the outset. For example, it is suggested that a company should have a paid-up capital of at least £1m. before a trustee can invest in its stocks; but it is absurd to define size in terms of nominal capital rather than in terms of issued capital plus reserves, and there are a good many companies with capital and reserves of over £1m. which would make very undesirable investments – the limit must be raised, even at the cost of confining trustees to the 'blue-chips'. Similarly, it is suggested that eligible companies must have paid a dividend during each of the five preceding years. But this condition would eliminate scarcely any large companies in such circumstances as have ruled during the past decade, and a stricter standard – perhaps dividends paid for ten or 15 years and not reduced again during the preceding five – will be necessary. Again, the suggestion that not more than ten per cent. of the fund or £250, whichever is the greater, should be invested in any one equity is much too loose for comfort. And, finally, the government seems to be relying much too optimistically on the need for having written advice from a competent professional financial adviser such as a stockbroker, accountant or bank manager.

TAURUS

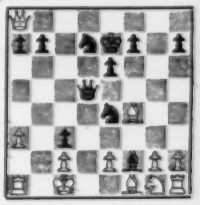
The Chess Board

No. 529. He Could Have Been Champion

It is forty years almost to the day since Carl Schlechter was found dead. He wasn't, alas, the only chess master to die of starvation. He was too proud to ask for help. He was a shy and frail little man, but he was a giant at the game. He would be 84 had he lived, and yet he has been an almost legendary figure for decades. When he played Lasker for the world championship in 1910 all but two of the ten games were drawn. Schlechter won the fifth, one of the few of those games in which he didn't seem to have the better of it. In the 10th game he could have easily got the draw he needed, but he didn't want to win the title 'by a fluke', he went all out to win that game too, and finally lost it. But then, every one of the eight draws was fought with equal ferocity, and in almost each of them Lasker was hard put to hold his own. Here (with Schlechter White) is one of them.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (6) B-QB4, P-Q3; (7) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (8) P-K5!, Kt-Kt5; (9) P-K6!, P-KB4; (10) 0-0, B-Kt2; (11) B-B4, Q-Kt3; (12) B-QKt3, B-QR3; (13) Kt-R4, Q-Q5; (14) Q x Q, B x Q; (15) P-B4, 0-0; (16) QR-Q1, B-B3; (17) KR-K1, P-Kt4; (18) B x QP!, P x B; (19) R x P, B-K4; (20) P-B5!, KR-K1; (21) P-Kt3, B-B3; (22) R x P, B-QKt2; (23) R-B7, B-K5; (24) Kt-B3, B x Kt; (25) P x B, Kt-K4; (26) R-Q1, Kt-B6 ch; (27) K-B1, Kt x P ch; (28) K-K1, Kt-B6 ch; (29) K-K2, Kt-K4; (30) R(1)-Q7!, P-B5!; (31) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (32) R x KtP, B-Q6 ch; (33) K-Q1, P x P; (34) P x P, Kt-Kt3; (35) R-Q5, B-K5; (36) R-Q6, B-B4; (37) B-Q5, QR-Kt1; (38) P-B6, Kt-B1; (39) R-QKt7, B-B1; (40) P-K7, Kt-Kt3; (41) B-B7, R x KP; (42) B x Kt, B-Kt5 ch!; (43) K-B1, R-K8 ch; (44) K-Kt2, P x B; (45) R x KtP, B-B4; (46) R-B6, B-K5; (47) R x P, R-Kt8 ch; (48) K-R3, B x P; (49) R-R6 ch, and draws.

Schlechter was called the 'draw wizard' by his contemporaries; and while one of the hardest men to beat he was often enough over-generous in conceding ½ points; yet his style could be quite as trenchant as in most of his match games against Lasker, and here's a good case in point, a position he reached in a Kt-odds game in Vienna, 1908. /r1b2k1r/pp1kt1p1p/8/3P2pkt/2KtP1p1q/3B4/PP1Q2PP/R3R1K1/. Schlechter surprised his opponent by (15) R-K8 ch!!, the Rook being taboo on account of (16) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B1; (17) Kt-B5, Q-Kt5; (18) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Kt1; (19) Kt-R6 ch etc.; whereas after (16) . . . K-Q1 the Queen would be trapped by (17) Kt-B5, Q-Kt5; (18) P-KR3. The actual sequel was (15) . . . K-Kt2; (16) R x B!, QR x R; (17) Kt-Q6, K-B3; (18) Kt-B5, Q-Kt5; (19) Q-Kt4!, Kt-Kt2; (20) Q-Q6 ch, Kt-K3; (21) P x Kt, P x P; (22) Q-K7 ch, K-Kt3; (23) Q-Kt7 ch, K-R4; (24) Q-R6 mate.



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced the mate very neatly. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins for White and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 11 January.

B: Leonid Kubbel, 1908 /16/7P/8/5Kt2/1k6/1p3b2/1K6/.

C: V. Korolkov /264k/8/5Kt2/24/K1B5/.

REPORT on No. 526. Set 12 December

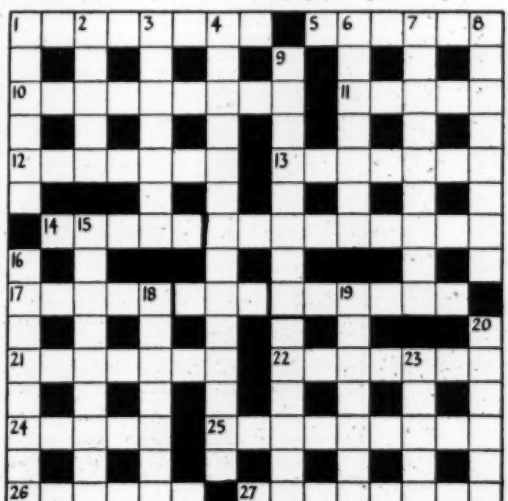
A: (1) B-Kt5!, PxB; (2) RxB! etc.
B: (1) BxP ch, BxB; (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-R3; (3) R-R3 ch, K-Kt2; (4) R-Kt3, QxR; (5) Kt-R5 ch, BxKt stalemate.
C: (1) P-K6, P-B5; (2) B-B3 ch, BxB; (3) P-K7, B-B3 ch!; (4) KxB, P-B6; (5) P=Q ch, K-Q7; (6) Q-Q8 ch, K-B8 [aiming for the corner to safeguard the draw]; (7) K-K5, P-B7; (8) Q-Kt6, K-Q7; (9) Q-Kt2, K-Q8; (10) Q-Kt3, K-Q7; (11) Q-R2 [A last trap, for it now Black were to blunder by . . . K-Q8 White would get his K to Q3 and win], K-B6! [And now the draw is secured by, say, (12) Q-R1 ch, K-Q7; (13) Q-Q4 ch, K-B8; (14) K-K4, K-Kt8; (15) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R8; (16) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt8; (17) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R8 etc.]

R-R1 allowed in **A.** Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, J. M. Hollis, J. F. Kahn, J. J. Mac Intosh, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 386

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 386, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 12 Jan.



ACROSS

1. Prosper in a powdery way? (8).
5. Writing after resorts in sudden spells (6).
10. Fruit in which Andy includes a minister to start with (9).
11. Make a fresh survey and cut down about a thousand (5).
12. An eminent place preserved for the nation as a home for insects (7).
13. What James I did which made him "a Bad King" (7).
14. Perhaps the times inspire Mr Macmillan and his predecessor (5, 9).
17. Uncommon flowers? (5, 3, 6).
21. St Paul converted with a broad blade (7).
22. Place built from the ruins of Salerno (7).
24. The fool puts a historian into it (5).
25. Boy about to endure changing and being washed (9).
26. Made a joke although silenced (6).
27. Possibly annoyed with the shilling given for medicines (8).

DOWN

1. A matter of appearance in a note on a popular rising (6).
2. Worshipping figure in a minor antechapel (5).
3. Faithfulness exists in the kingdom (7).
4. In addition athletic people make a match (14).
6. Forgiveness for normal fellows (7).
7. I seem different about a word arising in the note (9).
8. Ban publication of a mouthful on the newspapers (8).
9. Part of paper in which men colour plans differently (8, 6).
15. Making a fresh study about a town (9).
16. The cause of happiness is not so much in the singer (8).
18. Sink a coal vessel (7).
19. 'Gods and men, we are all —— thus!' (Shelley) (7).
20. Confidential remarks as on a date (6).
23. Island at the centre of the proof (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 384

M	A	C	E	S	■	P	A	C	K	T	R	A	I	N
E	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	N	■	I	■	■
S	O	P	H	O	M	O	R	E	■	R	U	N	I	C
S	■	T	■	L	■	S	■	W	■	M	■	O	■	E
M	I	S	T	I	M	E	D	■	M	I	S	T	E	R
A	■	■	D	■	R	■	S	■	T	■	A	■	■	■
T	I	P	S	■	A	P	O	P	L	E	C	T	I	C
E	■	A	■	O	■	I	■	O	■	S	■	O	■	H
S	T	R	A	V	I	N	S	K	Y	■	A	R	E	A
■	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	D	■	■	■	R	■	■
S	A	T	U	R	N	■	A	S	P	I	R	A	N	T
C	■	I	■	S	■	O	■	H	■	V	■	G	■	I
O	O	M	P	H	■	S	T	A	T	E	L	E	S	S
F	■	E	■	O	■	S	■	V	■	R	■	N	■	T
F	I	R	S	T	R	A	T	E	■	S	A	T	I	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 384

Percy N. Poole (Loughton)
Mrs L. Kerr (Ashtead)
J. R. Banks (Ilford)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST AFRICA HIGH COMMISSION. STATISTICIANS, EAST AFRICAN STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT. Candidates should have a good Honours degree preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post-graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939 – £1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13⅓% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Apply, stating full name and giving brief details of qualifications and experience, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 59/88/02/A4.

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES

SENIOR RESEARCH OFFICER (Revised Advertisement)

Applications are invited from men or women for the above post. The Senior Research Officer will assist the Director in the conduct of the Foundation's research programme and have specific responsibility for the Statistical Service. Opportunity to play a full part in other aspects of the Foundation's work will be given.

Candidates should be honours graduates with considerable post-graduate research experience. They should either have a good academic qualification in Mathematical Statistics or have given evidence of high ability in the application of statistical methods to research in educational psychology. Qualifications and experience in Education and/or Psychology are also looked for though this requirement might be partially waived for candidates with high qualifications in statistics. Varied teaching experience, experience as an educational psychologist, proven ability to write technical material intelligibly would be additional qualifications.

Salary on the scale £1,700×£50 – £2,000 with placement according to qualification.

Applications (closing date 14 January 1960) in three copies and with the names of three referees should be sent to the Director, National Foundation for Educational Research, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1, from whom further details of the post can be obtained.

Those candidates who made an earlier application for a similar post and who wish their applications to stand need not apply again. They are asked to inform the Director of this by postcard.

FAMILY WELFARE ASSOCIATION (London)

GENERAL SECRETARY (Chief Executive Officer)

Enquiries and applications are invited for the above post. In addition to regular administrative duties the officer will have the opportunity to assist in planning and carrying through a reorganisation of the Association, already begun, in keeping with progressive practices.

Experience in administration and knowledge of the welfare field, together with vigorous imaginative leadership, is desirable. Salary not less than £1,500 p.a.

Enquiries should be addressed to: THE CHAIRMAN, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, and marked Confidential.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF DURHAM FURTHER EDUCATION – STAFF VACANCY, Lambton Castle Residential College for Adult Education. Residential Assistant to the Warden – Graduate qualification an advantage. Salary scale: £795-£945, less £180 for emoluments. Further details and application form (returnable by 15 January, 1960) from G. H. METCALFE, Director of Education, Shire Hall, Durham.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden. The Warden will be in charge of all the work of the Settlement and will be provided with a self-contained flat and full board, together with a salary of at least £600. Further particulars and application form from Dr J. N. Hartshorne, Dept of Botany, The University, Manchester, 13.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF YOUNG FARMERS' CLUBS ADVISORY OFFICER – Applications are invited for the post of Advisory Officer, man or woman. This is the last of 4 posts to be filled in England and Wales as part of a reorganisation scheme intended to strengthen the movement and to help County Federation and Club Officers develop the range and quality of YFC work. The Advisory Officer will be responsible for giving advice and assistance with training programmes in Southern England. The requirements for this post, in addition to personal qualities which matter most, include comprehensive experience in youth work and knowledge and appreciation of country life. Consideration may also be given to applicants of more limited experience who would be prepared to undergo a period of specialised training for this important and exacting work. Salary scale £1,070×£27 10s.-£1,290; post superannuable. Travel and subsistence allowances. Own car essential. Provision for secretarial assistance. Further details may be obtained from General Secretary, NFYFC, 55 Gower St, London, WC1.

VOLUNTARY SOCIETY

ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for a new post as Senior Administrative Officer of the National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Inc.). The person appointed will be responsible to the General Secretary for finance and general office administration. Salary in the range £915-£1,085. Contributory pension scheme. Further particulars and application forms (returnable by 25 January) from NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

BBC requires Designer, Television in Manchester, to undertake the artistic and practical design of sets, set-dressings, furniture and properties for Television productions and to advise Producers on matters of set design. Applicants must have ability of a high standard together with professional experience in the Television, film or theatre worlds. Quick and accurate drafting, a knowledge of scenery construction and accurate colour perception essential. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1421 N.Stn) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Senior Lecturer in Archæology and Ethnology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary scale is £1,760×£60-£2,060 per annum. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the applications should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda should be obtained giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the Department) not later than 15 February, 1960. A third copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

CANBERRA University College. Senior Lecturer in Japanese. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Senior Lecturer in Japanese in the School of Oriental Studies. Salary range: £A2,152×£80 – £2,552 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 13 February 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Town and Country Planning. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Preference will be given to applicants who are qualified planners with basic training in Architecture. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 February, 1960.

PIONEER scheme for broken families reqs resident warden & woman assistant with initiative & vocation. Good prospects, near London. Phone Hicks, UPLands 2122.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Economic Statistics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 9 February, 1960.

UNITED Nations Association. Travelling Secretary for universities and colleges and Secretary of UN Student Association. £500 x £25 to £600. Apply in writing to UNA, 25 Charles Street, London, W1, on or before 11 January, (a) giving academic qualifications, participation in student activities, and experience of organising and speaking; (b) enclosing copies of 3 testimonials and giving 3 refs.

PARAGON. n. (Definition – 'Model of excellence; supremely excellent person; model of virtue, etc.') The one we want must be used to hard work and able to cook; she must have unlimited patience and be mature and sure in her judgment. She must love children and be able to live with them in one of our children's homes near London. £465-£540 less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. Apply Children's Officer (SEDO/2835), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

ESSEX Child Guidance Service. Vacancies for Child Psychotherapists at Grays Clinic and Basildon Clinic, each five sessions weekly. Fee £2 12s. 6d. a session, plus travelling expenses between home and clinic. Committee would consider applications for full-time appointment shared between clinics. Soulbury II scale for Educational Psychologists. Further particulars and forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

RESIDENT Warden, woman, for hostel for 34 elderly men and women. Real interest in welfare of old people essential, part of experimental group provision. Salary £490 plus free emoluments at £130, application in writing with full details and also names and addresses of two referees to Secretary, Old People's Hostels Association, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary on scale (£615 – £765), commencing at not less than £670, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 18 January, 1960.

HAMPSHIRE Council of Social Service. Assistant Secretary: Salary £650 x £25 to £750, plus travelling expenses and subsistence allowance; contributory superannuation scheme. Applications are invited from men, preferably not over 35 years of age, willing to undertake frequent evening duties. Candidates should submit, before 27 January, full particulars of qualifications, previous experience and references, to The General Secretary, Hampshire Council of Social Service, 78, High Street, Winchester (from whom the Annual Report, which explains the work of the Council, may be obtained).

ST JOHN'S and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Probationer Clinical Psychologist to participate in a scheme for training Probationers in the Oxford Region. The Probationer will work with the Senior Clinical Psychologist at St John's Hospital, which is a Mental Hospital catering for all kinds of mental illness. He will be expected to work with in-patients and out-patients, adults and children, and there are opportunities for research. An Honours degree in Psychology is essential. Salary in accordance with Whitley Scales, £580×25(4)-£680. Applications, with the names of two referees, to be made to the Group Secretary, St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary required for Head of Physiology department, National Institute for Research in Dairying. Good secretarial qualifications and some relevant experience, or knowledge of biological science essential. A university degree (preferably in biological science) or equivalent desirable. Commencing salary according to age in scale £442 (age 21)-£527 (age 25 or over on entry)-£728, or for degree in biological science or equivalent, £492 (age 21)-£657 (age 26 or over on entry)-£816, with superannuation in each case. Applications, naming two referees, to Secretary, NIRD, Shinfield, Reading. Quote reference 59/18.

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Why not spend part of your summer vac. leading a group of young people on a week's walking or cycling tour Youth Hostelling in this country. If you have humour and an understanding of the needs of young teenagers and are really interested in this satisfying job, apply in writing to Home Tours Department, N/S, Youth Hostels Association, St Albans, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range of £1,000-£1,800 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,850-£2,250 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by 15 January, 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

OLD People's Welfare. Liverpool Old People's Welfare Council requires Development Officer, opportunity for initiative for good organiser. Social Science qualifications and experience in group work desirable, experience in work for old people essential. Salary according to qualification and experience ranging from £650 – £750. Application, with full details and names of two referees, to the Chairman, Liverpool Old People's Welfare Council, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

FAMILY Caseworker required. Social Science certificate or relevant qualifications and experience. Salary revised AGFCW scale. Application giving full details and names of two referees to Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley St, Liverpool 1.

CORSHAM Community Centre, Corsham, Wilts, wants an experienced male Secretary/Warden. Excellent conditions and plenty of work for the right man. Minimum salary £600 p.a. Particulars (s.a.e.) from Secretary, and applications by 23 January.

ST JULIANS, a 7 years established community near Sevenoaks, requires from January, enthusiastic person experienced with young children. Some knowledge of cooking essential. Interesting, non-domestic work with excellent terms and conditions for right applicant. Write Box 1300.

WEA London District requires Organiser to develop adult education, particularly among Trade Unions and other workers' organisations. Salary £600×25 to £800. Application forms from S. Church, Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

BOOK Publishers require young enthusiastic talented layout/copywriter for general advertising and publicity. Apply in writing with details of education, qualifications, publishing experience and present salary to Barrie & Rockliff, 2 Clements Inn, London, WC2, marking envelope 'confidential'.

EDITOR requires secretary-editorial assistant interested in industrial and technical journalism. Excellent opportunity for literate, articulate girl wishing to escape from the boredom of ordinary shorthand typing. Apply to The Editorial Director, Leonard Hill House, Eden Street, NW1.

MARRIED women reqd for interesting p/t. work with homemaking groups. Teaching exp. an adv. London area. Box 1242.

MARKET Research: woman graduate, preferably, required to manage a regular consumer series which is already established. Experience in contacting clients desirable. Write stating qualifications, etc. Box 1216.

COMPILER(S) and/or Editor(s) for a new English Dictionary wanted! Persons interested in the compilation of a new popular modern Dictionary of the English language are invited to contact Box 1221.

INTERNATIONAL organisation requires intelligent shorthand-typist. Adaptability more important than speed. Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1.

INTERESTING worthwhile posts with Invalid Children's Aid Assocn. Secretary/shorthand typists reqd at local offices in Kensington and Tottenham. Apply ICAA, Area 1, Mary Ward House, Tavistock Pl, WC1.

ACTIVE elderly gentleman wants housekeeper and cook – one must be able to drive car – able to take complete charge of medium-sized house in West Sussex village. Owner frequently absent for short periods, visitors week-ends, mostly family expecting to come whether owner present or absent and must be hospitably received. Lovely garden, gardener kept. Please write C.A.C. Ltd., 5 East Pallant, Chichester.

ASSISTANT Clerk urgently reqd by National Charity, good typing, shorthand, reasonable knowledge figures. Age up to 55. Sal. £10 wkly. Ring EUS. 1938, 9.30-5.30.

PART-time secretary reqd for Settlement. Five half-days p.w. 5 gns. Box 1336.

DON'T be carried away by Hogmanay! Remember your New Year resolution to take tea with Winifred Johnson at her Bureau and talk about jobs . . . . I may find you a good one. HOLborn 0390.

RECEPTIONIST/Telephonist, 21-26, wanted for Architects' office. Some experience essential. Pleasant atmosphere. Salary £8. LVs. No Sats. PBX 50×10. Write to 44 Charlotte Street, W1, or 'phone LAN 5791.

PART-Time Secretary for musical organisation. Write, stating salary required. NEO, 135 Sydenham Hill, London, SE26.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

J. B. PRIESTLEY and Mrs Priestley (Jacquetta Hawkes) require fulltime secretary at Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon. Good shorthand-typing, ability to do simple accounts, and fair standard of education, are essential. Varied interesting work in pleasant surroundings. (Lunch provided but, at present, not accommodation though possibility of cottage.) Applications, with details of experience, etc., to Kissing Tree House, Alveston, as above.

APPLICATIONS are invited for vacancies for shorthand-typists on the staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party and Women's Department of the Labour Party Headquarters. There are also vacancies in the Finance Department for clerks. Salary according to scale; superannuation scheme. Applns should be addressed to Mr Morgan Phillips, Secy, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., SW1.

BOOK Publisher requires secretary, shorthand-typing essential, aptitude some figure work. Interesting position. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd, SW7. (KEN. 5336.)

SECRETARY S/T. 23-30, educ. & alert, for intg post with Film Co. £11-£12. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1 HUN 0676.

WELL-educated secretary with initiative required by film producers, W1. 5-day week. Salary £624 p.a. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

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MOTHER with 1-yr-old son urgently wants domestic post London Feb. Box 1202.

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PERSONAL

YAS Mina Orphanage near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by the Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

READER wkg Cent. London wishes meet others view buying, sharing hse (by inst., financial arrngmnts by solicitor), paid hsekpr as member, b/sits, evng, w/end meals together. Object: Combine freedom with company. Please only tolerant, non-quarrelsome, non-U types reply, Box 1180.

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SUMMER holiday exchange wanted for 16-yr German public schoolboy. Cultural environment. Write Box 1267.

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HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

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STORIES and articles required for American journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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6 Jan. at 7.30	Hansel and Gretel
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9 Jan. at 7.30	The Flying Dutchman

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. Daily 2.30 & 6.30 except Suns. 'Beauty and the Beast'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'One Way Pendulum'. 'Lunatic logic—and what a laugh'. D. Exp.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evngs. 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'. Mats. 2.30 'Princess and the Swineherd'.

TOWER. 7.30. Joan Littlewood's version of 'A Christmas Carol'. 8, 9, 13-16, 21-23 Jan., incl. Mats 16 & 23 Jan. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Bloomsday', new play by Alan McClelland, based on Joyce's Ulysses. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Christmas Holiday Programmes. Until 3 Jan. 'Passport to Pimlico' (U). From 4 Jan. Alec Guinness in 'The Man in the White Suit' (U) 'Journey into Spring' (U).

JOHN Amis, Felix Aprahamian, Norman Del Mar, Lionel Dunlop, John Warrack, in a musical entertainment and discussion. Putney Gramophone Soc., Star & Garter, Putney Embankment. Monday, 4 Jan., 1960. Mems. Free; Guests 2s.

ANNUAL Party/Dance Central London WEA, Sat. 9 Jan. 7-11 p.m.; 'Goat & Compass', Fitzroy Street, W1. Band, Cabaret, Games. Tickets: 6s. from H. Binstock, 144 Goldhurst Terrace, NW6.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street
SCOTTISH CRAFTS
An Exhibition of pottery, silver, engraved glass, rugs, tapestry, printed textiles, lithography, furniture.
Arranged by The Scottish Craft Centre.
29 December to 17 January.
Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-6.
Admission free.

GANYMED'S recent publications, Degas: A ballet dancer (pastel), Picasso: A girl with a jug, a painting now on loan to The Tate, Pissarro: The Seine at Marly. Full list over 100 subjects from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture Theo Crosby, objects Peter Blake, Librarian John Lathan. Private View for members Wed. 6 Jan. 6 p.m. 7-30 January, weekdays 10-6. Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Annual Sculpture Exhibition. Until 16 Jan. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Water-colours and Drawings: Braque, Butler, Dubuffet, Fautrier, Miro, Picasso, Poliakoff, Scott, De Stael, Wols, etc. Until 9 January, 1960. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WATERCOLOURS from Whitworth Gallery, Manchester University. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square. Till 6 Feb. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

JAMES Ward. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 31 Jan. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis, 6 Duke St, St James's.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SHOLOM Aleichem Centenary Year. Public Meeting, Sunday, 3 January, 1960, at 7.45 p.m. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, WC1. Speakers: The Very Reverend, The Chief Rabbi, Dr Israel Brodie, Mr Paul Tabori (International PEN), Mr Joseph Leftwich. Readings from Sholom Aleichem in English and Yiddish: David Kossoff, Meir Tzelniker. In the Chair: Dr A. Steinberg. Org. by: National Cttee, 55 New Cavendish St, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Shirley Williams, 'The Future of the Labour Party—1', 6 Jan. 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details Society: Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. The Revd Peter Hammond, 'The Liturgical Movement, its influence on the Church architecture of the 50's'. Illus. Chair.: James Cubitt. Thurs. 7 Jan. 8.15. Adm. 3s. Mems. 1s. 6d.

'SCIENCE and Art': lecture by John Mansbridge at Finsbury Central Library, Skinner Street (nr. Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue). Tues. 5 Jan. 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

YOU are a VIP! – you finance the government. But how much do you know about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Taxation, Wages, Profits, Subsidies, etc? 10-week courses in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begin on Tues. & Thurs. 19 and 21 Jan. at 7 p.m. in Victoria. (Total charge 5s. includes textbook). Write for prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1 or 'phone VIC. 4266 – or enrol on the opening night.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Classes as above also in Enfield, Muswell Hill, New Eltham, Welling, Godalming, Hornchurch, Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Liverpool, Dundee & Glasgow – write or phone for partics (as above). Courses also by correspondence.

DAILY Worker Discussion Conference 'Which Way For Labour?' St Pancras Town Hall, London. Sunday, 17 January, 1960, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Invitations for organisations from Conference Secretary, 75 Farringdon Road, EC1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 3 Jan., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Retrospect and Prospect': H. J. Blackham.

EDWIN Muir Commemoration. Radio personalities, St Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, 3 Jan., 3 p.m.

'A DANCER'S World' – an illustrated talk given by Lilian Harmel. New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, 108 Baker Street, W1. Wed. 6 Jan. at 8 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 3 Jan. Archibald Robertson, MA. 'Hopes and fears for 1960'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 5 Jan. Miss Gladys Farnell: 'Behind the Iron Curtain'.

'NEW Year, New Cycle'. Pub. Lect. 3 Jan., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 8 Jan., 8.30 'The Pestalozzi Children's Village' (illus.). Mrs A. Mates, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FRENCH INSTITUTE
Queensberry Place, London, SW7.
KEN. 6211.
Evening classes in French language, literature and institutions (all levels). Classes in translation from and into English.
Special intensive course for beginners with audio-visual methods commencing 11 January, 1960.

THE University of Birmingham will offer a one-year Graduate course in Social Work within the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, commencing in October, 1960. This course will lead to a graduate Diploma in Social Work and is intended to provide a professional education and qualification for candidates desiring to practice in any branch of social casework. Applicants should hold a degree or post-graduate qualification in the social sciences, but certain exceptions may be made in the case of those who hold only certificates or diplomas. Further particulars and appln forms may be obtained from Registrar, University of Birmingham, Birmingham 15.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC
Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town, NW5. Telephone GULliver 1154.

INTENSIVE FULL-TIME SECRETARIAL COURSE (18 weeks)
(Shorthand, Typewriting, etc.) Commencing date: 15 February, 1960. Fee £15.

AN INTRODUCTORY COURSE ON THE HISTORY OF ART
Twelve illustrated lectures by G. Huehns, BA, Ph.D, FRHist.S. Commencing date: 20 January, 1960 from 2.00-4.00 p.m. Fee £1 1s.

READING EFFICIENCY
7.45-9.15 p.m. Mondays, 12 weeks; or 6.15-7.45 p.m. Tuesdays, 12 weeks. Beginning 11 or 12 January 1960. Fee £1 1s.

REPORT WRITING
6.15-7.45 p.m. Mondays, 12 weeks. Beginning 11 January, 1960. Fee £1 1s.

EFFECTIVE READING
6.15-7.45 p.m. Thursdays, 12 weeks; or 7.45-9.15 p.m. Thursdays, 12 weeks. Beginning 14 January, 1960. Fee £1 1s.
Telephone: GULliver 1154

LONDON County Council. St Martin's School of Art. This School has been established over 100 years. 109 Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2. Telephone: GERrard 0058/9. Principal, E. J. Morss, ARCA. Advertising Design – Drawing and Painting – Dress Design and Fashion – Modelling and Carving. Ministry of Education Art Exams.

GOLDERS Green WEA. 12 Lecture Courses January, Mental Health; Theatre (Tues. 12th), Sociology (Thurs. 14th). All 8 p.m. Home Design (Wed.. 15th 10.15 a.m.). MEAdway 1501.

URCHFONT Manor Week-End and other courses on: West Indian Literature (29/31 Jan.), Television (5/7 Feb.), Heraldry (12/14 Feb.), Thinking, Speaking, Writing (11-16 Jan., 21-26 Mar.); 'Challenge of Machines' (Easter). Spring Programme now available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St. Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

SH/TYPING tuition, res. if reqd. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd N11. ENT. 3324.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FOR High-Grade Secretarial Posts or Verbatim Reporting in up-to-date organisations, learn Stenotyping (Machine Shorthand). Invaluable where scientific, technical, medical and legal terms, or foreign languages are used. Easy to learn. Telephone for demonstration or write for prospectus of day and evening courses. The Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

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SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

DANCE (Creative Movement), Evening Class Marylebone Inst. Apply prosp.: Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Ave., NW3.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MERVYN Stockwood on Politicians, Scientists and teddy-boys; Chris Brasher on Sir Miles Thomas; Sir John Hunt; Blanchflower; Frankie Vaughan. All in 'Challenge'—the new magazine about Youth. Out now 1s. from 17 Bedford Square, WC1.

1960 – What does the New Year hold for the Soviet people? Your best way of keeping abreast of the latest developments is to read the illustrated 'Soviet Weekly', with it's team of Soviet correspondents. Send now for specimen copies, or take out a subscription: 3s. 3d. per quarter post free & pro rata, from Dept (NS), 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

LABOUR Monthly. R. P. Dutt, 'What is Socialism?' R. Page Arnot, 'Africa in 1960'; Gordon Schaffer, 'Appeasing Adenauer'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

SOUTH African Goods – Companies and Brands. 'Labour Research', 1s. (1s. 2d. p.f.) 161 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

THE Basis of Pikto, an 85% international language, 10s., Dictionary, 12s. 6d.; Komplet Instrukt-buk 1s. 3d. From bksellers or Pikto Union, 8 Meadow Studios, Bushey.

RETHINKING? Then send postcard to receive free next three issues of Land & Liberty monthly magazine. 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

WHAT are the facts about homosexuality? Should the law be changed? Decide for yourself after reading 'Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality', obtainable from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1. Price 1s., postage 4½d.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

SOCIALISM, economics, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

FOREIGN fiction, German, French, Italian, Spanish, etc. Monthly lists avail. Write Dept NS, TABS Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

SCHOOLS & SCHOLARSHIPS

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination 1960, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on 9-11 February next. The scholarships are open to girls born between 1 September, 1946, and 31 August, 1949. Full particulars from the Secretary, Channing School, Highgate, London.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

'Compliments of Father's Day, Sir!'

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